

MYSTERIES
OF THE
HOLY ROSARY



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BY REV. A. TESNIÈRE



ADORATION
OF THE
Most Blessed Sacrament
THROUGH THE
Mysteries
of the Holy Rosary

STANISLAUS McDERMOTT, O. P.,
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Second English Edition

From Fourth French Edition

BY

Rev. A. TESNIÈRE, S. S. S., D. D.

*"Behold I am with you all days, even
to the consummation of the world."*

NEW YORK
THE FATHERS OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT
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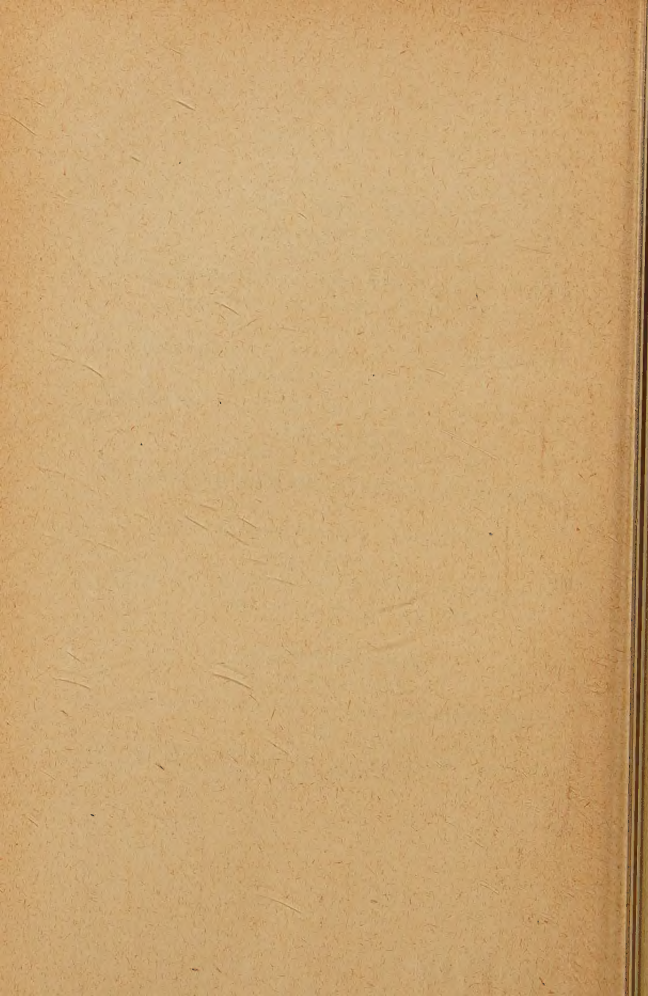
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JOANNES M. FARLEY,
Archbishop of New York.

New York City, July 10, 1904.

To
OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST,
SON OF GOD, SON OF MARY,
TRUE GOD AND TRUE MAN,
WHO, HAVING TAKEN FLESH TO RESTORE MAN,
BY HIS LIFE, HIS DEATH, AND HIS GLORY,
INSTITUTED THE EUCHARIST
TO CONTINUE THEREIN ALWAYS AND EVERYWHERE
BY HIS REAL PRESENCE
THE FACT, THE VIRTUES, AND THE TEACHINGS OF HIS
HUMAN LIFE :
BY HIS PERPETUAL SACRIFICE
THE EXPIATION AND THE SATISFACTION OF HIS DEATH ;
AND
TO COMMUNICATE THEREIN TO EVERY SOUL
BY COMMUNION
THE GRACES OF HIS LIFE, THE MERITS OF HIS DEATH,
AND THE FRUITS OF HIS GLORY.
To
CHRIST EUCHARISTIC,
THE WORD INCARNATE,
THE VICTIM OF CALVARY, THE KING OF GLORY,
BE
ADORATION, THANKSGIVING, REPARATION, AND PRAYER !

acc: 1937





PREFACE TO ENGLISH EDITION

WE may confidently say that never have we met more exquisite thoughts on the Mysteries of Our Lady's Rosary than those that have fallen from the pen of Rev. A. Tesnière, S.S.S. Full of Our Lady and the story of her joys and sorrows and glories, they are yet more redolent of her Divine Son in His Eucharistic life.

To read this little volume is to inhale the atmosphere, to breathe the delightful aroma of the tabernacle. Its depth of spirituality, its wealth of love, clothed in so great simplicity of style, are seldom found even in the choicest books. Père Tesnière must indeed have caught the ideas, imbibed the spirit of the Founder of his holy Congregation, the saintly Père Eymard, who loved to style Mary "the Mother and Model of Adorers."

While increasing devotion to Our Lady, the reflections of the following pages can not fail to draw the prayerful soul to a deeper, fuller appreciation of the reality of our Emmanuel, our "God with us." Père Tesnière emphasizes the fact that in the Eucharist alone can we find solace for all our woes, a response to all our joys. Our Eucharistic King is the magnet which attracts souls to the tabernacle. The teachings of this little book

will tell us how to know Him more intimately and love Him with more tender, childlike love. It will, we hope, be a powerful means to further the mission marked out by Père Eymard for his zealous disciples when he gave them for watchword : "*Adveniat regnum tuum Eucharisticum !*"

S. J. F.

Feast of St. Augustine, 1904.



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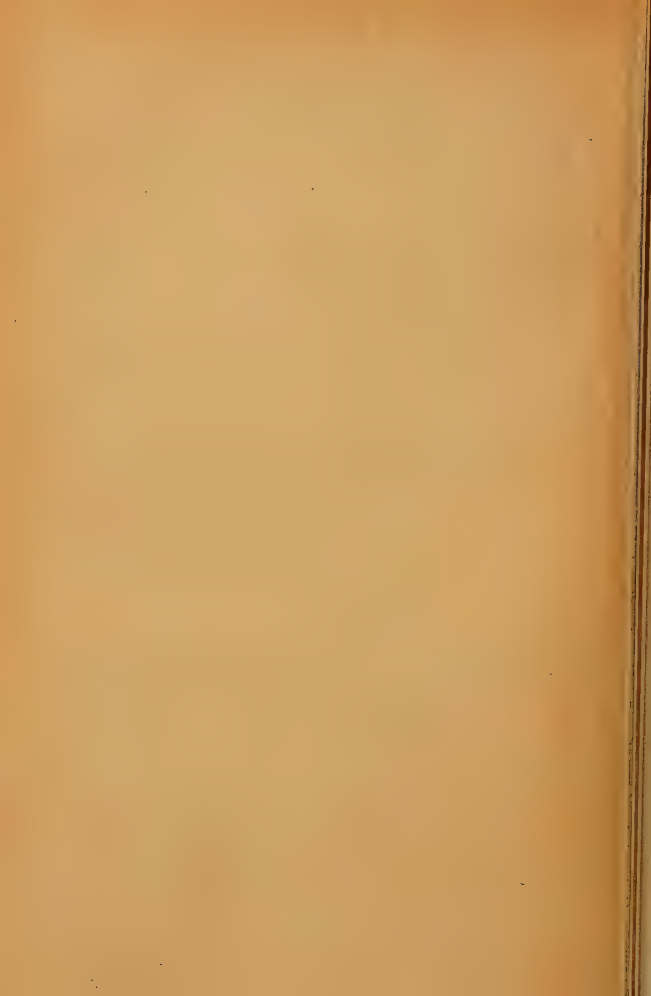
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JOYFUL MYSTERIES





The Incarnation of the Word

I. ADORATION

THE MASTERPIECE OF ALMIGHTY POWER

Et Verbum caro factum est.
 "And the Word was made flesh."
 (JOHN I, 14.)

HE Word Eternal present with His Sacred Humanity in the Host — adore Him at the first hour of His earthly existence, when at the word of the angel and by the operation of the Holy Spirit, He became Man in the womb of Mary. With the archangel Gabriel and the angelic choirs, the invisible adorers of this great mystery, adore Him, salute Him in Mary. Recollect yourself and contemplate in silence and adoration the promise of ages about to be accomplished.

The power of the Most High overshadows the immaculate Virgin. She has uttered her *fiat*, and the only Son of the Father has become her Son, the Creator Word has become a creature, the Eternal lives in time, God has become man, heaven has come upon earth, Mary's womb has been made the home of God! Adore her blessed Fruit : *Benedictus fructus ventris tui!*

Adore God the Father, through incomprehensible love, consenting to give the Son of His eternal delights to ungrateful humanity, to His rebellious creatures, to men who are His enemies.

Adore the Son of the Father, God of God, Light of light, like unto the Father and equal to Him in all things, who through excessive love descends from the celestial splendors in order to take a mortal body, to live in the condition of sinful man, and to die at last under the blows of those for whose love He was annihilating Himself.

Adore the Holy Spirit, the living furnace of that love which led the Father and the Son to make that unspeakable gift, and to accomplish the sublime work of that magnificent masterpiece. Contemplate Him when He draws from nothingness and creates, like our own — but with

what perfection! enriched with what gifts!—the rational soul which is about to become the soul of the Word; when He fashions with the most pure blood of the Virgin the body which will become the Body of the Word. He unites them to that august Person, and the Christ is conceived; the adorable composite called the Word Incarnate has commenced to be.

It is one Person in two natures: the Person of the Word, the divine nature, the human nature. One of these two natures is essentially and eternally His own; the other, the human, He takes and unites to Himself so intimately that it becomes His Personality, the principle and the term of His existence and of His acts.

Recognize then in Jesus Christ, and adore with the faith of the whole Church, the Person of the Word, the only Son of the Father: the divine nature with all the infinite perfections of the Divinity; the human nature, body and soul like unto ours, but possessed by the Person of the Word in a manner so intimate, so perfect, that it participates in the dignity, the power, and all the prerogatives of that august Person. That Man, united to the Word, becomes the true and natural Son of God. Adore His soul, enriched with all the gifts of grace, for it is

the soul of God. Adore that Body, that Blood, that Heart with absolute adoration, for it is the Humanity of the Son of God!

And that Word Incarnate, that adorable Person with His two natures, that Man-God, in one word, Jesus Christ, is not far from you.

He is come from Nazareth to the tabernacle, from the bosom of Mary into the Eucharist, and He dwells corporally in your breast when you communicate. Adore Him then under the veils of the Sacrament. His exterior state and His manner of existence alone have changed. The Word made Flesh in Mary, on the altar becomes a Sacrament. The Word Incarnate and the Eucharistic Word are one and the same Christ in two different states.

True, the annihilations of the Word are more profound in the Sacrament than in the Incarnation. The reason is that the Eucharist is the extension of the Incarnation, the supreme effort, the highest degree of a love which seemed already to have reached its extreme limits; and that love increasing, the gift becoming more complete, so also do the sacrifices, the abasement, the despoilment become greater.

With Mary, with the archangel, recognize in the weakness of the Eucharistic state, the

Word Incarnate, the Man-God. Adore Him, praise Him. Acknowledge yourself His creature, His subject, and that you depend on Him. Offer yourself to Him, give yourself to Him to love Him and to serve Him!

II. THANKSGIVING

THE MIRACLE OF LOVE

*Propter nos homines et propter
nostram salutem.*

"For us men and for our salvation."
(*Nicene Creed.*)

OR us men, God became Man. For us weak creatures, the Most High abased Himself. For us creatures, the Creator was created. For us, weak and poor, the Almighty humbled Himself, the Almighty has known want. For us, ungrateful, erring, and rebellious children, the eldest Son sacrificed His happiness and His glory.

For us, sinners and forever lost, the Holy of Holies delivered Himself: *Propter nos homines!* For us through pure love, through pure mercy, in order to raise us

up again, to restore us, to render us happy, to re-open paradise to us!

The Incarnation gives us back God our Father. It renews the relations between God and man, interrupted since the first ingratitude of the garden of Eden. It restores all creation and in Jesus elevates man even to deifying him. It is the magnificent retaliation of love. Thus does the Heart of our Father avenge Itself!

Could we ever sufficiently bless the love of the Incarnation were thanksgiving in heaven not eternal?

For us also and for our salvation, in order to extend to all nations and at all times the fact and the benefits of the Incarnation, the Word here made the first step in company of men along the desolate journey of exile, here commenced to put His hand to the work. His love makes Him resolve not to desist from it until we shall have reached the heavenly country, until our Redemption shall have been accomplished. It was for this reason that He became the Eucharist, the Sacrament of His Presence and of His work for man's sanctification.

For us, to cure our pride, the source of all our sins, He still endures even more deeply the humiliations of the Incarnation,

although He has purchased the right of reigning in glory on earth as well as in heaven,

For us and for the salvation of guilty humanity, He will remain till the end of time the Host, the Victim, the Ransom of sin.

Still more!—Love is perfected in union. That every one, even the most ignorant, the most insignificant, the most abandoned, may plainly see that God loves him personally, the Eucharist will carry into the heart, will diffuse in the soul of every human creature the great stream of the Incarnation. There It will empty Itself, and there It will rest in one Communion! And every one will be able to say: The Incarnation, the gift, the prodigies, the love, the sacrifices, and the humiliations of the Incarnation, its fruits, its treasures, and its grandeurs—all this accumulation of miracles, all this ocean of love, is for me, for miserable me and my salvation!

Magnificat! Magnificat! O Mary, permit me to return thanks with thee, to praise with thee, and to chant with thee the canticle of the Incarnation: The Word is to me as to thee, in me as in thee!

Thou, thou wert pure, and in some measure thou didst deserve Him by thy purity —

but I ! . . . Ah, truly He hath regarded my lowliness! Yes, He has performed miracles of might for Israel His servant, and His mercy is from generation to generation!

III. REPARATION

THE ABYSS OF HUMILIATION -

Humiliavit semetipsum, habitu inventus ut homo.

"He humbled Himself, taking the form of a man."

(PHILIP. II, 7.)



WHAT humiliation for God to become man, for the Creator to become a creature, for the Master to become a slave, for majesty to be abased, for light to be obscured, for the Almighty to be enchained, for divine perfections to be veiled under human imperfections!

But the abasements of the Incarnation are increased by the still more ignominious humiliations of the future Passion, for the Word became incarnate only to die, and Calvary is shown to Him at the first instant of His human existence. He accepted it

from that moment : “ Father, Thou dost desire no more unloving victims! Thou hast made for Me a body that I may suffer! Behold Me! I come to do Thy will by sacrificing the life that Thou hast just given Me! ”

And that Incarnation, followed by the Passion with all the sacrifices that it entails, the Word saw would be useless for a great number, would be despised, rejected, and become the cause of their eternal loss.

Repair! — Compassionate! — Melt with love and tenderness over so much love disregarded. Unite with Mary, who is the only one to recognize, to honor, to bless that work of ineffable love at the moment in which it was accomplished, while all over the world God was being offended and blasphemed, and Satan adored!

But what shall we think of the Eucharistic Incarnation? What annihilation! He is no longer a man, no longer a living being! There are none of the charms, none of the attractions of humanity, no vital activity in the Eucharistic state. It is the state, the condition of a little bread only! It is simply something to be consumed. Its destiny is to be eaten, absorbed, destroyed!

If however that destruction, which He accepts, would forward the salvation of

those to whom He so sincerely gives Himself! But no! That excess of love and abasement added to the first, will not be sufficient to gain our ungrateful hearts!

Repair! — Give to the Incarnate Word in the Host the homage of your faith, your love, your profound respect. Receive Him often, that in you at least His immense sacrifices may not be sterile.

But perfect reparation is to conform to the spirit of this mystery, to correspond with its grace, to receive and to utilize its fruit, namely, its spirit, its grace, its power, its benefits, that is humility, the humility of the Word who abases Himself even to the Incarnation, even to the Eucharist. Examine yourself attentively on this point. See in what your life is actually infected by pride. Confess it, weep over it, and resolve to combat that evil and to give yourself to that necessary virtue for the love of the Word, so deeply humbled under the garb of a slave and in the weakness of the Sacrament!

IV. PETITION

THE SOURCE OF ALL GRACE

*Et Verbum caro factum est, . . .
et de plenitudine ejus nos omnes
accepimus, et gratiam pro gratia;*

"And the Word was made flesh
. . . and of His fulness we have
all received, and grace for grace."

(JOHN I, 14, 16.)

THE Word became incarnate in order to become the bond of union between man and God, for in Him meet to give the kiss of peace man repenting and God pardonning. Henceforth it will be in Him and by Him that God will treat with humanity. God will come to man only by the Word Incarnate; and all His gifts, truth, grace, light, pardon, we receive by that living channel. Man will go to God only by the Word Incarnate. Prayer, repentance, expiation, vows, sacrifices—that High Priest must receive all, appropriate all, sanctify all; and adding the value of His own merits and His own prayer to the good works that man shall have done by His inspiration and concurrence alone, He will present them to God in our name. He is forever the only and indispensable Mediator,

the Pontiff chosen by God, the commissioned Ambassador, the only one whose petition will be always and necessarily heard.

As He continues in the Host the great prayer of His Incarnation, let us pray in union with the Sacred Host. That is the substantial, the living, the perpetual, the infinite and infinitely powerful prayer. It is the principle, the complement, the surety of every good prayer. By it we can effect everything. It is above all value, it pays all debts, for it comprises and offers to God the merits of the Incarnation, the satisfactions of the Passion, joining thereto the value of the annihilation which Christ glorified is therein renewing at every hour.

Let us then point out to the Father His well-beloved Son, continuing in the Host the all-powerful prayer of His Incarnation. Let us summon this Mediator, let us call upon this Advocate to speak for us. Let us always pray through Him, with Him, in His name, and in the name of His Host.

Let us pray to Himself also. Let us supplicate His Heart. Let us recall to Him the goodness, the mercy of His Incarnation, which He will never disregard, but which, on the contrary, He desires to extend to all by His Sacrament.

Let us supplicate Him through Mary,

placing our prayers in her hands that she may present them with her own, sanctified by her own.

Let us above all pray when the Word Eucharistic is in our heart, and let us introduce Him therein every day.

Lastly, let us ask two graces, one personal, the other apostolic. For ourselves, let us earnestly beg for the grace of humility at the same time supplicating our Divine Model to dispose us by His power to practise it. To ask for a grace, above all the grace of a virtue, without disposing one's self to make the sacrifices, to confront the difficulties, and to conquer the repugnances that may be encountered in its exercise, is to be wanting in sincerity. Let us ask the grace, but let us also concur.

Then let us beg the Incarnate Word to make Himself known and loved in His Sacrament; for it is the Eucharist that must mature the fruits of the Incarnation, by developing Its infinite properties and completing the work of salvation begun on the day upon which the Word was made Flesh.



Mary's Visitation

I. ADORATION

THE VIRGINAL TABERNACLE

II. DOCTRINE OF THE VIRGINAL TABERNACLE

*Benedicta tu inter mulieres, et
benedictus fructus ventris tui.*

"Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." (LUKE I, 42.)

III. DOCTRINE OF THE VIRGINAL TABERNACLE



ADORE in this mystery of Mary's visit to Elizabeth the Word Incarnate living in Mary's womb. Adore therein His Divinity which deigns to remain nine months in that pure and silent sanctuary. Adore His soul which, from its creation, enjoying reason and grace in all their plenitude, rendered to God the perfect worship of adoration and love. Adore there His Body,

His Blood, His Sacred Heart, His ineffable life!

Adore His love and the ardor which urged Him to go to sanctify His precursor. He is already on fire to do good, to sanctify, to give Himself!

Adore the most sweet mystery of His incomparable union with Mary. She is His sanctuary and His dwelling, His means, and His instrument. She is, in fact, His sacrament, for is not a sacrament that which contains and communicates a virtue from on high? Mary contains and gives the Author of all virtue. She is the sacrament of the Incarnate Word. It is from her, as from a unique source, that He springs forth in order to pour Himself out upon the world, and all His communications to souls will come from the first communication that she received. All the channels of the mysteries and the Sacraments will draw from this reservoir, which is fed from the eternal ocean of the bosom of the Father.

John and his mother are the first to receive the gift of God by Mary. In what abundant measure it is imparted to them!

Adore then with Elizabeth and St. John the presence, the life, and the communication of the Word in Mary.

But turn now toward the Eucharist. The

tabernacle that holds Jesus, the Sacrament that gives Him, as once did Mary, are the appearance of the bread, the Holy Species, the Sacred Host.

Adore under that white veil, as in Mary, the real and living Presence of Jesus. He is there, although hidden. The veil is impenetrable to the eye of reason, but He is there. And to the gaze of faith, of purity, and love, how plainly He is there! Do you not see that He makes this humble creature of bread very sacred, very venerable? Recognize Him, then. Rejoice Him by discovering Him and saluting Him in that retreat, to which His love has drawn Him!

Again, like Mary, the veil of the Sacred Species gives Him to you to sanctify you. It has no other reason of existence than that of communicating to you the Word in a manner so sensible, so evident, that you can not doubt of His coming.

Adore Jesus then present, living, acting, given in the Eucharist as in Mary. But adore Him as Mary, as John, as Elizabeth adored Him, with an adoration that salutes and proclaims Him in the joy of absolute certitude, in the gladness of a love that at last possesses Him.

II. THANKSGIVING

THE ENDEARMENTS OF LOVE

Et unde hoc mihi ut veniat Mater Domini mei ad me?

"And whence is this to me, that the Mother of my God should come to me?" (LUKE I, 43.)

THANKSGIVING with the train of virtues of which it is the queen, love, joy, peace, humility, embalms all this mystery.

John leaps with joy, Elizabeth is confounded in the humility born of gratitude, and Mary chants her *Magnificat*. It is because the Incarnate Word gives Himself with spontaneity so ardent, with endearments so tender, with eagerness so loving!

It is always in this way that He gives Himself. It is always He who makes the first advances, who has the first thought, who takes the first step, who *seeks*. Has He then need of us? No! But He loves. He loves absolutely, and love waits not to receive before it gives. It is precipitated by its own weight, and borne along by its own impetuosity.

Did you not see it on the day of your First Communion? Do you not see it every

time that He renews His coming to you? Oh, if the eye of our faith were sufficiently pure! How He comes down to us! How He seizes us, embraces us, penetrates and absorbs us!

Et unde hoc mihi ut veniat ad me?—And whence is this to me? Whence comes this honor?

A Communion! The Word Incarnate in our breast, His Flesh united to our flesh, His Blood flowing into our blood, His Soul mingling with our soul, intelligence with intelligence, will with will, love with love, in that perfection of union to which spirits alone can attain—His whole Being, in fine, become our whole being!

But whence comes this honor? From love, from nothing but love!

He comes not for Himself, not for any self-interest, but for us, and to do us good. To do us good is for Him a passion, a need, a hunger and thirst. It is His pleasure and satisfaction, His recompense and His glory.

Oh, the love of Communion, in which God is animated by love for creatures miserable as we even so far as to deliver Himself up entirely and without reserve!

Oh, the measures, the labors, the efforts, the wonders, the sacrifices, the excesses! Nothing is too much, provided that He

may meet us in private, press us heart to heart, and love us personally.

Oh, the folly of tenderness! Oh, the blindness of love! Oh, the fascination of the Heart of Jesus!

And Mary, uniting herself to that love of her Son, solicits Him and urges Him incessantly to do us more good! What will not these two hearts do, which unite all the energies of their love to love us more!

III. REPARATION

HOW TO RECEIVE THE DIVINE GUEST

Erant autem justi ambo ante Deum.

"Both were just before God."
(LUKE I, 6.)



LIZABETH and Zachary tasted the happiness, and drew all the fruit from the visit of the Incarnate Word, because they were just. John profited by it, because he was innocent.

But the multitude in the villages through which they passed, but the inhabitants of Hebron? They looked with indifference at

that young maiden in the company of a poor workman. And Jesus in passing heard perhaps blasphemies against God His Father, and He certainly saw Him offended.

And to-day, how is received the visit which Jesus extends to all cities, to all villages, to all souls by the gift of His Eucharist?

The great number, the crowd, ignore or despise Him. They pass along indifferent or incredulous on their way to business or pleasure. Of the merciful visit which their Creator has prolonged for so many ages, which He announces in so loud a voice by His Church, they take no heed!

If sometimes they are even forced to remember it, they revolt and blaspheme.

Ah! let us weep over the indifference of the world for Communion! Let us pity the great Abandoned One! It is contempt for the love and the torture of the Heart of Jesus!

But we ourselves, when He comes, do we experience on receiving Him the joy of Elizabeth, the thrills of John? Alas! what are our Communions? our thanksgivings? Dryness, tepidity, distractions, sometimes weariness and disgust. — Jesus is come, He is within us. Do we even realize it?

Whence comes that?

The hosts of Jesus at Hebron were faithful to the law, lovers of retreat, assiduous in prayer, recollected and humble.

If we do not share in these sentiments, if at least we do not purify ourselves from sin with jealous care and an ardent love of justice, we shall ever make but sad Communions.

Another lesson of this mystery is that charity is a disposition necessary to receive worthily and fruitfully the visit of Jesus. It is Jesus' love for John that attracts Him to Hebron, Mary's love for Elizabeth that urges her to make the painful journey, and Elizabeth and Zachary lived in perfect union.

Let us remember that love is the precept of the Last Supper, and with its ardent flame, let us purify our heart from all rancor, our mind from every judgment, our tongue from every word contrary to that sweet, though rigorous precept. Never will the light of the eyes of Jesus, nor the sweetness of His word, nor the tenderness of His Heart embalm a soul to rejoice it, to make for it a festival, unless it shall have disposed and satisfied the claims of fraternal charity.

How sad not to be able to rejoice, at least in spirit, when the Joy of the angels, the Object of the delights of the Father, when Eternal Beatitude is in our soul!

Let us make reparation with Mary, so humbled by the manner in which we receive her Son! Let us not for this abandon Communion, but let us more carefully purify ourselves, let us endeavor to love God above all else, and our neighbor as ourselves for the love of God.

IV. PETITION

ABIDE WITH US

Mansit Maria cum illa quasi mensibus tribus.

"Mary abode with Elizabeth about three months."

(LUKE I, 56.)



MARY stayed three months with Elizabeth. Jesus remained also in Mary, continuing His life of adoration and love for His Father in that cherished tabernacle, and sanctifying Elizabeth and John by that virginal sacrament of His first love.

A visit of three months! The gifts of God are of their nature lasting, because they descend from the eternal heights where nothing is passing; but once in our hands, their duration depends on our fidelity to keep them.

So it is with the gift of Communion. Its fruit is life, and life eternal. But, alas! how many after receiving It fall back immediately into languor and even into death!

What we ought to aim at in Communion, what we ought earnestly to beg of Jesus through Mary, is that He would render us such that He may be able to prolong His visit, be able to abide in us a long time.

In this prolonged and stable union, consists the vivifying reality of Communion. If some instants after Communion, in consequence of the dissolving of the Species, the Eucharistic Word loses in us His Sacramental Presence, it is because that Presence, though necessary to introduce Him into the soul by way of the senses, which demand a sensible sign, is no longer necessary for Him to remain therein, the soul being a spirit. He allows therefore the material envelope that contained Him to fall away; and food entirely spiritual, He enters into immediate contact with our soul, which inhales Him, penetrates itself with Him, nourishes itself with Him, and is sustained, strengthened, vivified, and rendered more active and energetic.

It is this spiritual union, the fruit and end of Sacramental Communion, that must be entertained, protected, developed, by deliv-

ering one's self to its beneficent action, by acts of the virtues of faith, hope, desire, recollection, humility, and love, above all by love!

It is for that reason also that thanksgiving after Communion is so important.

If we wish that this union should extend its action still further, so that we may live a divine life, a truly Christian life, we must prolong our thanksgiving, we must force ourselves to make of each of the actions that compose our daily life a homage of gratitude to Him who gives Himself to us so mercifully. That is within the reach of all, and Communion will render it easy and as it were natural.

Incarnate Word, blessed Fruit of a blessed Mother, remain in me! that, combating sin and its temptations, forcing myself to act for love of Thee, I may remain with Thee in the strict union of thought, affection, interests, sufferings, and joys!

O Mary, thou whose every desire Jesus accomplished, whose every prayer He answered, protect and ripen in my soul the fruit of Communion!

Let us pray that the duty of thanksgiving after Communion may be better understood, more faithfully observed, and that the lamentable delusions in which we take refuge

to dispense ourselves from it may be dissipated!

Lastly, let us give to the poor sick as a pledge of charity to the neighbor a fervent prayer to obtain for them all the grace of the visit of the Word-Viaticum, who will brave distance, pass through contempt and indifference, penetrate into their dwellings, be they garrets or prisons.

Is not this last visit of a love that no ingratitude can lessen, the continuation of the visit to Hebron? Is it not again Mary who procures it—the Mother of Mercy!—by her unceasing prayers?

May they on their bed of suffering leap with joy on the approach of their Saviour, in the gladness of peace for the past, of hope for the future, and with Mary may they begin and continue in heaven the canticle of eternal gratitude!—*Esurientes implevit bonis!*—He has filled the hungry with good things!



The Nativity of Christ

I. ADORATION

THE HOST OF THE CRIB

Et peperit filium, et pannis involvit et reclinavit in præsepio.

"And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him up in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger."

(LUKE II. 7.)

ET us represent to ourselves the Sacred Host, the Blessed Sacrament, Jesus, not in the radiance of the sparkling ostensorium, nor in the golden ciborium in which He reposes, but in a crib upon a little straw. Behold in His countenance the most lovely graces of infancy, the purest, the sweetest, the most lovable, and then humbly

prostrating, gazing upon Him with love and admiration, with respect and confidence, adore Him at the moment of His birth.

To adore as we ought, let us unite with Mary when she prostrated at the moment of His birth, to offer Him the homage of her love. Here was adoration of the purest faith. She saw beyond the appearances, the weakness, the indigence of the little Child. She proclaimed the greatness, the power, the majesty of God. With a gaze full of emotion, she penetrated those abysses of His Divinity, and then returned to adore the feebleness of His infancy. She passed over nothing, neither in the Godhead nor in the Child, which she did not adore, bless, and praise. Contradictory appearances, far from checking her faith, became for her a lever by which to rise to the dazzling heights of the divine perfections.

Mary's adoration was that of the most ardent love. The most blessed of all mothers, it was her right, her duty, to love her Son even to adoration. That adoration of love strictly united her to Jesus, delivered her wholly to Him. She no longer lived in herself, nor for herself. She lived in Him and for Him. She had positively gone out of self, and she dwelt in Him. It was a perfect ravishment out of

self and into Him. She no longer thought of self. It was all Jesus, all for Him, to serve Him, to nourish Him, to protect Him, to love Him, to aid Him in His work of salvation.

Like Mary let us adore with faith and love Jesus, the Infant of the Host, at the moment of His birth in Bethlehem. But let us examine, contemplate, see all that He is, that we may adore Him as He ought to be adored.

Let us recognize under the features of this Babe of one day, the Word of the Father, the Son of God, the Eternal, the Infinite!

Yes, Jesus, I know, I believe, that in Thee is the plenitude of the Divinity, and that in becoming a child, Thou didst lose no prerogative. In Thy littleness therefore I adore Thy infinite greatness; in Thy birth at this moment, I adore Thy eternity; in Thy silence, the Eternal Word of God; in Thy sleep, the activity of the Creator; in Thy impotence, the almighty power which governs the world; in Thy tears, the joy of the Father and of the Holy Spirit; in Thy poverty, the riches of Him who has need of nothing. Little Babe, Thou art my God! I adore Thee!

I acknowledge Thee as my Creator and

my Master, my beginning and my last end. I am Thy subject. I belong to Thee. Receive, O my King, the promise of obedience, service, fidelity, and love that I make at the foot of Thy crib!

Dear Host, Divine Child, my sovereign Well-Beloved, to Thee I devote my heart, my whole heart! Allow me to behold Thee, to gaze upon Thee! That look is my joy, my adoration. May it make known to Thee all the sentiments that I can not express in words!

II. THANKSGIVING

BY PURE LOVE

Ecce evangelizo vobis gaudium magnum, quia natus est vobis hodie Salvator.

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy . . . for this day is born to you a Saviour."

(LUKE II. 10, 11.)

MOST lovely Babe, dost Thou find in me any right, any title, any attractions, to incline Thee to be born thus in the feebleness of infancy?"

"No, but I love thee. I cover thee with

My love, and thou dost appear to Me lovable. Thou art also the creature of My Father. He has founded on thee His hopes, and He expects from thee glory, which thou canst still render Him. In thy features, disfigured by sin and misery, I recognize traces of the resemblances to Him which I have come to restore, And again, shorn of the happiness which He destined for thee, and which I have come to regain, thou art in a state of suffering. Behold, these are thy titles! They are so powerful that they draw Me to thee, attach Me to thee, even impose upon Me certain obligations. Captured by love, I give Myself up without regret, even with joy unreservedly and forever!"

"But, lovely Babe, tell me, I beg of you: To what will Thy birth lead? Wilt Thou stay with us, or wilt Thou appear as a lightning-flash from heaven, to vanish after having cast a ray of hope upon the earth, like the flower of the valley, which opens in the morning, but dies in the evening exhaling its perfume to the setting sun?"

"The love that impels Me to thee, is generous, is lasting, is eternal. What it gives it never recalls, so I am with thee forever. I shall grow, I shall spend thirty-

three years in this flesh in the land of Judea. Then dying for love of thee, for love of thee also I shall make Myself a Sacrament. In It I shall for love of thee remain till the end of time. Then I shall lead thee into My paradise in which we shall be together for all eternity."

"O Jesus, how could I ever thank Thee as I ought, had I not the thanksgiving of Mary, Thy Mother and mine, to offer Thee?"

The thanksgiving of Mary! This Child is hers. He is her Son, her true Son. His Flesh, His Blood His Life, all come from her. This adorable Child is truly her Son. He is all-beautiful in countenance. He has all virtues in His soul, and He possesses every greatness, every power. And He resembles her. He is more like her than ever son was like a mother. O Mother! O Mary!

And He is her Saviour also! The blood that tinges His veins and that will flow upon the Cross, is the price of her immaculate preservation. He came to earth for her above all others. He loves her more than all others taken together in heaven or on earth, and it is she that He wishes to save the first. Mary sees and understands His love, She feels it. Oh, abyss of joy!

Abys. of humility also for she knows. she acknowledges that she deserves not that honor, that glory, that love.

Sweet Infant of the Host, Thou wilt be born by Communion in my heart, I shall press Thee in my arms, and I shall say, as did Thy Mother: He is mine! He belongs to me! His Flesh, His Blood, His Heart, His Life—all are mine! He comes to perfect my redemption, to secure my salvation. Oh, abyss of joy!

Seeing what I am, compared with what Thou dost give me, what my love is, compared with Thine, I am confounded in my nothingness, my poverty, my unworthiness. It is an abyss of misery, O Jesus, but that also shall bless Thy love, since Thou dost deign to visit it!

III. REPARATION

THE SHADOW OF CALVARY

. . . *Quia non erat eis locus in
diversorio . . .*

. . . "She laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn."

(LUKE II, 7.)

BUT, Divine Infant, I do not understand why being God, Thou didst will to be born as Thou wast. That Thou didst come for love of me, I bless Thee; but why in the state in which I now behold Thee?"

"It is because I came to expiate, and that, Priest and Victim from the moment of My Incarnation, the first act of My outward life ought to be the first of My sacrifice."

"Is that the reason the stable is so cold, so bare, Thy linen so coarse, Thy Mother so poor?"

"Yes, it is that I may begin at once to atone for cupidity, covetousness, and all the sins that the passion for earthly goods makes man commit."

"Why Thy littleness, Thy feebleness? Why the hunger, the thirst, the sobbing, and all the weakness of human infancy?"

"They are to expiate man's pride, his self-confidence, his presumption, self-love, vanity, haughtiness, and all the other evil offshoots of vainglory."

"But why art Thou abandoned by men and reduced to the company of the lower animals? If all men are Thy subjects, why dost Thou not force them to flock around Thee and render Thee homage?"

"This abandonment repairs the sins of the heart, attachment to creatures, and those numberless faults that arise from human affection."

"But what is this, O tender Child? . . . Thy countenance is losing its joyous brightness, Thy glance is becoming sad, Thy smile is fading away, Thy Heart is troubled. It beats more quickly, and sometimes it stands still. A chill is running through all Thy members. One might say that the blood is freezing in Thy veins, and Thy eyes are full of tears. What dost Thou see? Upon what art Thou gazing so fixedly and in such terror?"

"Ah! I am looking upon Calvary, which I shall have to mount some day. I accept it, but oh, what horror to look upon it! It is My cross that I am already carrying, and My agony, My passion, My death, that I am enduring in anticipation! Oh, how dread-

ful it will be! And furthermore it is My Passion and death down through the ages in the abasement of the Eucharist. How humiliating! how ignominious! how lasting."

"Canst Thou not turn away from the sight, O sweet Child, and permit the ocean of divine joys to inundate Thy Heart?"

"Ah, no! How painful soever is this Passion of My Heart, I love it, I am pleased with it, because it is the work given Me by My Father, and it alone can satisfy the craving to suffer for thee which torments Me."

"My Jesus, can I not do something, at least to comfort Thee? It would be so sweet to me to dry Thy tears."

"Compassionate Me, purify thyself, love Me! Detest thy faults which I am at this moment expiating. Offer me the reparation of My Mother. It is so sweet to Me!"

Mary did indeed know that her dear Jesus was a Victim, that she was nourishing a Lamb for sacrifice, and she longed to suffer and to die with Him. Since the Passion of the Son began at the crib, it was there, also, that the Mother delivered herself up to compassion with Him.

She compassionated His poverty, His weakness, His isolation. What, my God, my King in such a state!

Perhaps she accuses herself for not being able to give Him a home better than a stable; at least she feels it keenly. She unites herself with Jesus in the sacrifice of Redemption, and supplements it by her own anguish, her own privations, and the cruel blows dealt her love. Mother of all mankind, it is for all that she suffers, for the crimes of the present as well as for those of the future. Ah, yes, and it was especially for my own sins!

O Jesus, Son of this tearful Mother! O Mary, by your mutual sufferings of Bethlehem, pardon me!

Mary begs us to continue her compassion, her reparation before the Eucharistic Crib, in which her well-beloved Son is still more feeble, still more exposed than in the stable. Let us then assiduously surround Him with respect and love. Let us offer Him in reparation our prayers, our works, and our sufferings of each day.

IV. PETITION

WHO COULD FAIL IN CONFIDENCE

*Quomodo non etiam cum illo
omnia nobis donavit?*

"He that spared not even His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how hath He not also with Him given us all things?"

(ROM. VIII, '32.)

AMIABLE Child, smiling Victim, I know not whether I can tell Thee how much in this mystery of Thy birth Thou dost excite my confidence and dost impel me to pray with faith. Everything invites me, everything calls me, everything tells me that Thou wilt hear me favorably.

The sight of Thee—Thou art so sweet, so gracious, so amiable! Thy smile is so encouraging, Thy glance so benevolent! Thy hands seem opening to bestow Thy gifts, Thy arms are outstretched to receive and to embrace!

The motive of Thy birth—for it is through love for me and for my good that Thou hast come, that Thou dost offer Thyself, deliver Thyself. And after giving Thyself, is there anything that Thou canst refuse me?

And if feeling myself too unworthy, too guilty, I dare not approach, I dare not call upon Thee, I see at Thy side two pleaders, who will speak for me, who will incline Thee to hear me, who will lead me to Thee. They are Mary, Thy Mother, who nourishes with her milk the life that she gave Thee with her blood, and Joseph, who protects both Thee and Thy Mother. They are good, and they are praying to Thee for me. They are pure, and Thou canst not refuse to listen to them.

Thou dost call to Thy crib shepherds and kings, Jews and Gentiles, to do good to all. Jesus, I come with all that have need of Thee, and I pray to Thee humbly and earnestly :—first, in Thy own behalf—I conjure Thee, above all, to make Thyself known, Divine Infant, make Thyself known and loved! Make us all understand that our churches are Bethlehem, that the tabernacle is the crib, and that the Sacred Host is Thyself, the Infant Jesus!

Next I pray for myself and for my own great needs. Give me the grace of Christian infancy, that is, simplicity, docility, candor, humility, confidence, and filial abandonment. Is not this the atmosphere of the crib, the grace of Thy manger, and the fruit of Thy little infancy?

I pray especially for little children that they may preserve their grace of resemblance to Thee, which they received in Baptism. Keep them pure for their mothers, make them docile to their teachers, faithful to their Church, brave for their country, and saints for heaven. Infant Jesus, bless the little children all over the world.

By the prayer of Mary at Bethlehem, by the trusting prayer of her love, by the all-powerful prayer of her maternity, by the persevering and uninterrupted prayer of her intimate union with Thee, I implore all these favors.

Did not Thy Mother pray always at Bethlehem? Was not her every look, her every smile—every service that she rendered Thee when she nursed Thee, when she put Thee in Thy little bed, when she clothed Thee, when she carried Thee in her arms—was not all that a prayer, which Thou didst hear and answer, O grateful Child, and which rejoiced Thy Heart in thus being able to give to her?

Adorable Infant, it is before Thy Sacred Host, so full of graces, so gracious in welcoming, so sweet, so patient, and so good that henceforth I desire always to pray, to spend long hours, and to repeat my unwearied petitions, until I shall be heard.

I shall infallibly be heard if I pray in union with Mary, the Mother of Him whom the Sacred Host contains, and whom It gives!



The Presentation of Jesus in the Temple

I. ADORATION

THE SOVEREIGN DOMINION OF GOD

*Tulerunt illum in Jerusalem ut
sisterent cum Domino.*

"They carried Him to Jerusalem
to present Him to the Lord."

(LUKE II, 22.)

FORTY days after His birth, Jesus was taken to Jerusalem by Mary and Joseph, to be publicly presented and offered to the Lord, in His quality of first-born of God, in order to make a public acknowledgment that every creature belongs to Him and that He is the Sovereign Master of all things: *Sanctificabis mihi omne masculi-*

num quod aperit vulvum: mea sunt enim omnia.

Let us adore Jesus going to consecrate Himself to God, His Father. He hastens to declare that He belongs to Him, and to consecrate Himself publicly to His service, in order to renew the secret consecration that He had made of Himself at the moment of His Incarnation. As soon as His soul was united to the Person of the Word, Christ was in truth totally and substantially consecrated by the very fact of that union. But at the same time, He gave Himself voluntarily by these sacramental words: "Sacrifice and oblation Thou wouldst not: but a body Thou hast fitted to Me. Behold I come to do Thy will, O Father!" From that time Jesus was the perfect Victim of God. His whole Humanity was possessed by the Divine Person, given, offered, immolated in It to God, to His majesty, to His sanctity, to His sovereign dominion. It was a consecration so perfect that even the principle of human being, the personality, which in man is the principle of action and the term of possession, was given, subjected, annihilated in Jesus in behalf of the Divine Personality. If adoration is a gift, a sacrifice, a holocaust, what perfect adoration Jesus offered

to God even by His state it elf, and from the moment of His Incarnation!

He went to the Temple to declare publicly this sacrifice of Himself, and to consecrate Himself before the altar to the service of His Father. He acknowledged that He had received all from Him, that He owed all to Him, consequently He returned all to Him, pledging Himself to use nothing but for Him, and to labor only for His honor and glory.

As the Head of humanity and of all creation, Jesus adores God, acknowledges His sovereign dominion in the name of all creatures, and consecrates us all to His service.

He takes upon Himself also the execution of His Father's will, the labors, the sufferings, and the humiliations of the Cross and of the Eucharist.

Oh, how well was God adored at that hour! That adoration rendered Him more honor than the pride of Lucifer, the rebel, and Adam, the sinner, had snatched from Him.

Mary joined in this offering, and gave back her Son into the hands of God. She gave Him, she surrendered Him. From that hour in fact He belonged no more to her, but to God alone.

In union with Jesus and Mary, let us adore every day, and often every day, the sovereign dominion of God over us.

But let us not forget that the God to whom we belong here below, who ought to receive our worship, our love, and our service, is the God of the Host, the Sovereign Master of the Eucharist. It is only in the Eucharist that He resides personally on this earth. The Eucharist is the throne of His Presence and of His power. If we do not acknowledge that, if our life flows not from His Sacrament and returns not thereto, in vain do we flatter ourselves that we honor God that we are Christians.

Let us give Him, let us surrender to Him our whole being, our whole life, all our labors. Let us reserve nothing. Let us act in such a manner that sin may corrupt nothing and render it unworthy of His acceptance. Let us often renew, often rectify, by a fresh aspiration of love, all our intentions, in order to direct them toward that centre of life.

“ Jesus, all for Thee! Make of me by obedience, by the circumstances of Thy providence, all that Thou dost wish! I renounce the liberty of being my own principle, my own end, of acting by my own inspiration, and for my own personal

interests. Be Thou alone my All! Do Thou alone possess all! All comes from Thee, and all ought to return to Thee, to Thee in Thy Eucharist, to Thee by faith, to Thee by hope, to Thee above all by love, to Thee in order to serve Thee in everything, and to accomplish Thy good pleasure alone! "

II. THANKSGIVING

OFFERED IN HIM

ACCEPTED ON ACCOUNT OF HIM

Una enim oblatione consummavit in sempiternum sanctificatos.

"For by one oblation He hath perfected forever them that are sanctified " (HEB. X, 14.)

IN this mystery as in all others what ever Jesus does, being for our good, calls for our thanks.

"I thank Thee, O Jesus, for the salutary example of Thy offering in the Temple! I know now that I too ought to offer myself without delay as Thou didst from Thy birth, and that God, my Creator and my Lord, wishes the first fruits of everything.

“ I know that I ought to offer myself entirely, the tree with the fruits, my being with its actions, and like Thee my whole life without any reserve.

“ I know that I ought to offer myself unconditionally to Thy will in all things. to all Thy claims upon me and mine and all that I possess, for it was thus that Thou didst!

“ I make this offering by the hands of Mary as Thou always didst. I make it by acts rather than by words, by absolute abandonnent, allowing myself to be conducted and carried by Thy providence, as Thou wast borne in the sleep of infancy on the bosom of Mary. And this I do in everything and forever, as Thou didst, O true Adorer! O Religious, truly consecrated! O Victim, truly offered!

“ Thanks for the example, O Jesus, thanks for the graces contained for me in Thy consecration in the Temple! It sanctifies all other offerings till the end of time. They indeed are of value only in Thine, and on account of Thine!

“ It was in this mystery that, foreseeing my existence, Thou didst sanctify the offering made of me at the baptismal font; that which I myself made with all my heart at the moment of my First Communion; my con-

secration to Thy service, sacerdotal or religious; and lastly, all the daily gifts and offerings that I make to Thee.

“Thou didst behold me, Thou didst possess me, Thou didst bear me in Thy arms when Thou didst offer Thyself to Thy Father. I was in Thee, I was with Thee in the arms of Mary. If Thou wert not first offered or if, offering Thyself, Thou didst exclude me, in vain should I endeavor to render myself pleasing to God. But no! Thou didst already love me, and Thou didst consecrate me with Thyself. Thanks be to Thee forever!

“But this mystery is ever going on, ever renewed. Every day Thou art offered and Thou dost offer Thyself in our Catholic temples, to perpetuate the homage of thy first offering to the glory of Thy Father, and to apply *to me* the fruits. And O Jesus, it is in my hands that Thou art carried, I, Thy unworthy priest, when I consecrate Thee! It is in the arms and in the heart of every Christian when he receives Thee, that Thou dost offer Thyself! Oh, how freely dost Thou give Thyself! Oh, how powerfully does the perpetuity of Thy gift attest the truth, the sincerity, the love of Thy consecration in the Temple!

“Why have I not the purity of Mary,

the justice of Simeon, his faith, his ardent desires! Uniting in the joy of that old man, my eyes fixed on the tabernacle, I proclaim to the world that the light still shines upon all nations, that the Saviour is come, and that the earth is sublimely glorified every day, because, 'from the rising of the sun till the going down of the same,' in all places and all times, the Victim pure and holy, the Eucharistic Lamb, is being offered to the Father! "

III. REPARATION

WHAT WE OWE THE SOVEREIGN DOMINION OF GOD

*Quodcumque voveris, redde :
Multoque melius est non vovere
quam post votum promissa non
reddere.*

" If thou hast vowed anything to God, defer not to pay it. It is much better not to vow than after a vow not to perform the things which thou hast promised. "

(ECCLES. V, 4. 5.)



ESUS was always faithful to that first gift offered in the Temple, faithful even to Calvary, faithful even to the annihila-

tion of the Eucharist. He never recalled His gift.

What do I say? He has extended it, He has developed it, He has carried it to its extreme limits.

He employed His entire life only for the advantage, the good pleasure, the sole glory of His Father. His life was so submissive, so loving in its dependence that He was pleased to say : " I do nothing of Myself, but as I see My Father do, that I do. " " My doctrine is not mine, but His that sent Me. " " I seek not My own glory, but that of My Father. "

The hour for the immolation of the Victim offered by Mary in the Temple arrived, and Jesus did not draw back. He went forth before His executioners. He allowed Himself to be put to death without a cry, without a movement of resistance. Several times, at the moment of consummating His sacrifice, and as if to draw from it courage to sustain Him till the end, He repeated the word of His first offering : " I come to do Thy will, O Father! " *Fiat!* And He delivered Himself to death. He " gave up His soul " freely in the accomplishment of His vow.

But that was not enough! He saw that, even in the hour of recompense, in the hour of His glory and His royalty, He might still obey,

might still be dependent, might still continue His sacrifice. He saw also that He might still continue to honor by a new and uninterrupted annihilation the sovereign dominion of His Father, and that was by the Eucharistic immolation which would prolong without end or consummation His offering in the Temple. That immolation He accepted. He chose it, and there He remains forever.

The lesson is plain. Shall we profit by it? Let us examine ourselves on the great duty devolving on us as belonging to God, and our dependence on His sovereign dominion.

Do we believe in that dominion? Do we believe in the necessary, unchangeable, actual, universal dominion of God over us? Do we believe that His empire, His power, His action are extended to all, to our soul and our body, to our thoughts, our affections, our deeds, to our goods and to our relatives, to our present and to our future? Do we believe that His dominion is constantly exercised, that it can never be suspended, not even for an instant? Do we believe that nothing can escape it, and that all that happens to us, all that affects us in any way, from whatever creature it may come, the most insignificant, as well as the most

important things, all takes place because God wills it, as He wills it, and for the end that He proposes?

Do we then say *yes* to all? — to *all*, because all is a sign of the Divine Will, an affirmation of the sovereign power of the Creator? Do we respond to all by a *yes*, prompt, generous, resolute? — an *amen*, followed by an *alleluia* as is done in heaven? Is our habitual state, our ordinary attitude, one of dependence on God? Does it make us realize that we live under His eye, in His hand, in His power?

Alas! what difficulties, what discussions, before we accept His will! What efforts to escape it! What revolts, if not formal, at least implicit, if not in word, at least in deed!

Every infraction of the law, every revolt against the representatives of divine authority, all questioning of their orders, every murmur against events, all impatience, are in divers degrees faults against God's dominion.

It is the same with regard to inquietude, eagerness, too great confidence, resting exclusively upon creatures, upon self, upon the human means — all these are attacks upon God's dominion, a withdrawal of our dependence on Him. Let us, by Jesus and

Mary repair our faults, immolating at once whatever we most cling to.

This fault is so much the more serious in those that communicate, since Our Lord proposes as the first end in Communion to become Himself the principle of our spiritual being, the head of our body, the directing personality of our life. In other words, He visits the soul to promulgate anew His rights over each one, to strengthen His authority, to extend and consolidate His empire.

How blameworthy that He does not yet possess us entirely! It is just here that a supreme effort is required, for here lie the foundation and the first condition of every Christian life. If it costs, if repugnances have to be vanquished, the heart or the mind immolated, let us raise our eyes to the Mother of the Saviour.

Behold how she received the prophecy of Simeon! how she consented to have always before her eyes the future immolation of her well-beloved Jesus! how she thenceforth lived detached from all self-will in regard to that Child so truly her Son, and how lovingly she submitted to the least prescription of the will of God in His regard! And when the hour comes to prove the sincerity of her submission and heroic detachment, Mary will accompany Jesus to

the altar of sacrifice. She will stand at the foot of the Cross, an intrepid priestess, immolating with all her heart that Victim thrice-loved!

IV. PETITION

HOLY ABANDONMENT

*In capite libri scriptum est de me
ut facerem voluntatem tuam : Deus
meus, volui, et legem tuam in me-
dio cordis mei.*

"In the head of the book it is written of me that I should do Thy will : O my God, I have desired it, and Thy law is in the midst of My heart."

(Ps. XXXIX, 7.)

 HE essential grace of this mystery and what we ought earnestly to demand, is conformity and submission to the will of God. It is acquiescence in His good pleasure, obedience to His precepts, fidelity to the inspirations of the Holy Spirit, correspondence with grace, the spirit of adoration and dependence, the reign of the sovereign diminution of God. It is, to say all in one word, a word which comprehends all the above, which names a virtue higher even

than those most exalted virtues, a gift better than all those excellent gifts, and which comprises them all — *abandonment*, *abandonment* confiding, filial, and entire, to the Divine Will.

Behold! Jesus abandons Himself to His Father for life and for death, Mary abandons all maternal propriety over her Son, Simeon resigns himself to die whenever God wills.

“ O my God, be Thou the only Master, the sole Proprietor of my being, of my life, of all my goods, spiritual and temporal! I give up to Thee the ownership, the direction, and the free disposition of everything. Henceforth I desire to live in absolute dependence on Thee, careful not to usurp Thy rights, not to take back what I have given, not to commit a theft in my holocaust.”

If we thoroughly comprehend this mystery, we should act in every conjuncture with entire dependence on the Divine Will, and we should look upon ourselves as the proprietors of nothing,

We should be the owners of nothing in the physical order, neither health nor fortune nor goods of any kind, let their value be insignificant as it may. We should receive what Divine Providence sends, without coveting more, nor looking beyond it. *Volui!* —

“ I have desired it!”

We should possess nothing in the moral order, neither studies nor science nor talents nor success. Let the Divine Master give or take, let Him raise up or cast down. *Volui!* — “ I have desired it! ”

We should be the proprietors of nothing even in the order of grace, neither consolations, divine lights, joy, sweetness, facility in prayer, release from trials and temptations. We should appropriate none of these gifts, but receive them with gratitude; we should not seek them eagerly, nor regret their withdrawal with disquietude. We should accept all as *He* would have it. All belongs to *Him*. He remains Sovereign Master even of what He gives. Let us make use of His gifts always in reference to Him, conformably to His intentions, without selfish covetousness nor personal reserve. In all, for all, let our watchword be : *Volui!* — “ I have desired it! ”

Let us ask this grace by the merits of the Presentation of Jesus, the sacrifice of Mary, and the joyous abandonment of Simeon.

We have the example under our eyes and the help under our hand. Let us practise dependence, obedience, and abandonment, as Christ depends, obeys, and abandons Himself in the Blessed Sacrament. May the

sight of the Sacred Host encourage and help us! What Jesus accepts for our sake, shall we not accept for His?

Lastly, in every one of our Communions let us have for principal end and first intention, to give ourselves back to God, to place ourselves more completely under His dominion, to re-establish His rights over us. Let us communicate that He may live in us, that He may reign in us, that He may possess us ever more and more perfectly. From Communion to Communion, let us belong more entirely to God, to the Sovereign Lord of the Eucharist, as Jesus to His Father, as His Sacrament to us : *Deus meus, volui!* — “ My God, I have desired it! ”



Jesus in the Temple

I. ADORATION

VOCATION TO THE SERVICE OF GOD

*Remansit Puer Jesus . . . et non
cognoverunt parentes ejus.*

"The Child Jesus remained in
Jerusalem, and His parents knew
it not." (LUKE II, 43.)



HE Most Blessed Sacrament is the only visible form of Jesus that your eyes have ever rested on, and It has no age. Adore It under the features of the Boy of twelve who went up to Jerusalem with Mary and Joseph to celebrate the Pasch.

Oh, how beautiful He is! How ravishing at the early age of twelve! That age still retains the charming grace of childhood,

the candor and simplicity of infancy. It is, at the same time, the beginning of individual life, the aurora of youth, the promise of manhood.

We have known Thee, O Jesus, a Child at Bethlehem, and we shall meet Thee a Man on the highways of Judea at the moment of Thy Passion! But what an irreparable loss to our devout meditations could we not gaze upon Thee a Youth at Nazareth!

The treasures of grace and wisdom plentifully lavished on Thy soul at the moment of Its creation, have never ceased to shine forth from It from day to day in greater brilliancy and abundance. Thy youth, O Flower of Jesse, is the radiant unfolding of the most beautiful of human flowers, nourished by divine sap. Son of Benediction, how justly proud of Thee are Mary and Joseph! Thou art their union, their joy, their happiness! Thou art their life, the centre and link of their soul, the end of their labors, the only object of their thoughts and their solicitude. Thy existence is in their hands, and they must answer for the treasure of earth and of heaven!

Amiable Youth, I adore Thee with the tender and maternal love of Mary, with the humble and silent admiration of Joseph.

Upon Thy brow shines the reflection of the majesty of God, Thy Father. In Thy eyes, closed to every curious glance, sparkles the fire of divine omniscience. Eternal truth rests upon Thy lips, which open only to utter words so wise and prudent that the Doctors of the Law listen in admiration. In Thy precocious gravity, I adore the weight of Thy eternal years. In Thy modest and well-regulated bearing, I recognize the harmony that has presided over the creation of worlds, and that governs them with number and measure. Oh, how beautiful Thou art, O Thou most beautiful of the sons of men, Thou only Son of God and the Virgin Mother!

He has fulfilled the Pasch and communicated in the Paschal lamb, He, the true Lamb of the Eucharistic Pasch. While Joseph and Mary, confiding in His habitual submission, prepare to return with Him, the Child Jesus eluding their vigilance, without doubt by a mysterious veil, withdraws from their protection and, unknown to them, remains in Jerusalem.

Would it then have been so difficult for Him to obtain their consent? Could Mary have refused such a Son to delay in the holy city as long as He might judge necessary?

Jesus stole away, desiring on this occasion to act freely of Himself without depending on any one here below.

What does this mean, O most obedient Child? Ah! it is a great mystery, which in appearance shocks human respect, wounds the heart of flesh, and is altogether incomprehensible to the multitude.

It is the mystery of divine vocation, the call to the service of God. It is the mystery of the triumphant authority of God, of His sovereign right, superior and unparalleled. It is the mystery in which His authority rises above every other, though the most legitimate in the world. It is the mystery in which His voice silences every other voice, even those the most commonly obeyed; in which His will must vanquish every obstacle, break down all opposition, annul all resistance; in which His love must triumph over every other love, even the most lawful. It is, in fine, the mystery in which the Father in heaven must be preferred to the mother on earth, even should that mother be Mary, the most loving and the most beloved of mothers!

Adore Jesus then abandoning His Mother in order to accomplish the will of His Heavenly Father and to respond in haste to His call. "Must I not be about My Fath-

er's business? " Hearken to this word, and lay it up respectfully in your memory. It is the expression of perfect and sublime adoration. It magnificently confesses the Creator and His rights. It places the creature on his knees before Him, offering himself to Him obedient and devoted. Repeat it after Jesus. Oh, how glorious it is to God!

O Jesus! O zealous Servant of Thy Father and His devoted religious, Thou hast never been occupied in any other thing than the affairs of Thy Father! Thou didst finish even in the smallest detail the task that He assigned Thee. And what art Thou still doing in the tabernacle except devoting Thyself to Thy Father, safeguarding His interests, and securing His reign? I adore Thee in the Sacrament of Thy devotedness. I adore Thee in union with Mary and Joseph who, though not perfectly comprehending this mystery, submitted to it, thus sharing in the merit of Thy obedience.

II. THANKSGIVING

THE EXAMPLE OF JESUS HELPS THE SOUL

*Nesciebatis quia in his quæ
Patris mei sunt oportet me esse?*

"Did you not know that I must
be about My Father's business?"

(LUKE II, 49.)



ESUS' conduct toward Mary appears hard at first sight. He had eluded her vigilance and caused her the sharpest agony. And when that tender Mother represented to Him her alarm and that of Joseph: "Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing" — Jesus has but one word in answer: "How is it that you sought me? Did you not know that I must be about My Father's business?" What a short, austere answer to console the sorrow of such a Mother! It is almost a reproach to those tears which spring from love so devoted, from inquietude so legitimate.

O adorable Child, art Thou no longer the most loving, the most tender of sons? The thought would be blasphemy! Ah! Thou dost will to afford us a great lesson. In this incident of Thy life, it is we and our good that Thou hast in view. In it

Thou hast prepared in advance for all that are called to the religious life or to the priesthood, the graces and helps of which they shall have need, after Thy own example, to break away from the most holy affections, when called to give themselves exclusively "to the business of the Father who is in heaven."

Thou knowest, O compassionate Master, that a vocation is established ordinarily but upon the breaking of hearts made, nevertheless, to love one another. Where vocation, that grace of predilection, ought to bring an increase of happiness and an outburst of gratitude, it almost always gives rise to struggle, estrangement, and sometimes hatred. What is the reason of this, except it be that human love, even the most legitimate, has a tendency to encroach on the domain of Almighty God. If it does not supplant Him altogether, it seeks at least to hold Him in a state of subordination, offering Him only a share which He can not accept?

But if God calls, the soul must follow the divine Voice; if He commands, He must be obeyed. The heart of the chosen one must be subdued, must be immolated. He must immolate that of the father, of the mother. He must not allow himself

to be overruled by their reassembling, won by their tenderness, nor shaken by their threats. He must break, and he must be broken. Such is the law. This sacrifice is the first of every vocation. It purifies the heart of the chosen one, and renders it more generous in the service of God, more susceptible to His love, and stronger for the other sacrifices that are to make up the holocaust of his life.

Oh, what need we have of Thy example, O Jesus, O most tender of sons, to sustain us in so sorrowful a crisis!

When the child is doubting, when he is hesitating to consummate the sacrifice of his nearest and dearest, what strength he derives from being able to say that he is doing only what Thou didst do before him! If without ceasing to love her infinitely, Thou didst cause Thy Mother's tears to flow, well may he whom Thou hast called follow Thy example!

And if on that account his love for his own is questioned, if he is treated as cruel and heartless, O Jesus, will it not suffice for him to reply that he is but imitating Thee, that the disciple must be like unto the Master?

And when those dear ones seek to postpone the moment of separation, when they

ask for delay, O Jesus, Thy example will show what account should be made of the wiles of natural affection, Thou who at the age of twelve didst "go about Thy Father's business." without even acquainting Thy Mother! What imprudence! cries flesh and blood. But imprudence according to Almighty God, is the confounding of the prudence of the prudent.

O Jesus, prudent Master, what light, what strength, what support, what security, what victorious defence is Thy example in this mystery!

Thou dost bestow upon me all graces in the Holy Eucharist, which is in truth the Sacrament of divine vocations. Are not all such graces born of Holy Communion? and for the most part of First Communion? It is only there that Thy word is sufficiently powerful, the soul sufficiently attentive. Surely, it is only there that we can draw the strength to follow Thee.

O all ye who are divided between those two powerful voices and tortured between those two sovereign attractions, that of God and that of the family, come to the tabernacle, communicate with that Jesus who at the age of twelve sacrificed everything at the call of His Father. His generosity will inflame and sustain your courage.

O ye whom these separations cast into loneliness that nothing can lessen, ye whose feelings are so deeply outraged, so sorrowfully wounded, come to the Temple! There ye will find Him who consoled His Mother, making her comprehend and accept the order of the divine will. He will strengthen your heart, He will sanctify your tears, He will lead you to utter the *fiat* which calms, and even cures, every wound.

III. REPARATION

SINS AGAINST VOCATION

Obedire oportet Deo magis quam hominibus.

"We ought to obey God rather than men." (ACTS V, 29.)



Y His eagerness to follow the call of His Father, Jesus repairs all the sins committed against vocation. How numerous they are, and how grave!

Although not rigorously bound under pain of sin to follow a vocation through the mere fact that one is called, nevertheless when it is clearly manifested either by inward conviction, or by the decision of a

spiritual director, it is difficult to turn a deaf ear to it without sin; in the first place, on account of the contempt of divine authority which such conduct appears to imply; and again and above all, by reason of the fatal consequences of such infidelity, For how many souls is not the religious life a necessary bulwark, an indispensable refuge, outside of which they will certainly succumb either on account of their passions, or of the surroundings in which they live! Now is it not a grave fault to neglect the means which we know to be absolutely necessary to salvation?

Again, what ingratitude toward a love which offers a privileged existence, which calls to an honor as precious as it is unmerited, and which has prepared help most powerful, most ample, most wisely proportioned to the needs of the soul! Jesus calls His religious and priests His friends. All that His Heart holds the most delicate, the most tender, the most loving, He calls them, and He longs to give them.

What rashness, what folly for a soul to refuse to conform to the eternal designs of God over her, not to embrace the state for which He has created special aptitudes, and to engage in one in which she can hope for neither angels to guide her, nor

assistance to sustain her, because she is not in the way marked out for her!

It is a crime for parents to oppose by violence or constraint the vocation of their children. The Council of Trent pronounces anathema against such parents. They are blind and cruel. They are in illusion, and that may perhaps excuse them; but their love is none the less cruel, their prudence blind.

They themselves generally prepare the unhappiness of their children, for vocation is the perfection of the soul, and no being finds peace or happiness outside of its own end, its own perfection. What follows from the opposition of parents? Misguided existences, unhappy marriages, endless tears, souls lost by reason of parents' usurpation of the rights of God! They think themselves the masters, the proprietors of their children, when they are only their tutors, their guardians, bound to restore them to God as soon as He demands them. How many Christian parents, alas! behave amiss on this point! They sometimes show more opposition to the divine will than they who live outside the Faith.

Jesus repairs also for the tardiness, the unreasonable delay, the rash trials to which parents in their so called prudence, subject

the vocation of their children. Under pretext of proving it, they make them drink immoderately of the pleasures of the world, they expose them to the most dangerous seductions, even at the risk of compromising the salvation of their precious souls. Ah, truly, many lose in this foolish experience piety and innocence, as well as vocation. O loving souls, repair! Compassionate Our Lord, who beholds Himself thus postponed, who sees snatched from Him the souls upon whom He has long cast looks of predilection.

Another disorder in this matter is the interference of the civil powers in question of religious vocation. Repair for the crime of society committed against Almighty God by encroaching upon the rights, the liberty, the very existence of the religious Congregations. Ah! that is touching God in the apple of His eye, wounding Him in the Heart.

Offer in reparation the merits of Jesus' offering and the tears of Mary.

If Divine Providence gives you the means, repair by helping on vocations by your counsel and assistance. If you have the happiness of living in the religious state, offer in reparation for all baffled vocations, for all attempts prepared, or already per-

petrated against religious, the homage of fidelity more exact, more generous, more devoted. Lastly, and above all, powerless as you are to offer any adequate reparation, approach the tabernacle, and in spirit draw near to all the tabernacles in the world; then offer to the sanctity, to the justice of God, to repair the sins daily committed against His will, against His rights, against the choice and the calls of His love, all the Hosts that Jesus has multiplied to infinity, and in which He immolates Himself as a true religious of His Father instead of those that have not responded to His call. Offer all these Hosts in which He chants incessantly the canticle of His glory instead of those voices that are wanting in the concert which religious, those angels of earth, should send up to Him night and day. Offer to the Father all those Hosts with their adoration, their love, and their fidelity.

IV. PETITION

FOR THE RELIGIOUS CONGREGATIONS

Memento, Domine, congregationis tue quam possedisti ab initio.

"Remember, Lord, Thy Congregations, which Thou hast possessed from the beginning."

(Ps. LXXIII, 2.)

CHRISTIAN prayer is essentially catholic—that is, universal. It is not we alone who pray, nor do we pray by our own strength, nor is it of our own indigence that we have to give. It is Jesus who prays in us. It is by His infinite merits that we pray, it is of His infinite treasure, His inexhaustible satisfactions, that we dispose. We ought then never to be timid about dilating our desires, about sending afar in intention the beneficent dew of our prayers. In praying thus in the apostolic and catholic spirit we fulfil the duty of charity, we rejoice the Heart of Our Lord, and we efficaciously co-operate in the work of Redemption. It is, above all, when we pray in union with the Most Blessed Sacrament, with that High Priest who really present is offering the sacrifice of His

all-powerful prayer and accomplishing by the Eucharist His grand mediation, that we render our prayer liberal, generous, far-reaching, universal. Despite the want of purity of soul, the want of sincere good-will, the want of unhesitating confidence, prayer is then at its highest power, in its best condition for securing a favorable hearing.

Pray at that time for all God's interests, all His enterprises, all His affairs, which are those in which the Church is everywhere engaged. But if you want to pray for an interest sacred above all others, for an intention especially dear to Jesus, for His superexcellent glory, His most precious honor, pray for His religious, His sacred spouses, His priests.

Among all His loved ones, they are His dearest, His life-work of predilection, the noblest fruit of His Passion, the firmest hope of His glory.

Pray for them now more than ever. Their holy life, their works of salvation, their very existence—all are threatened. Those friends of Jesus, who cluster round His tabernacles, who live under the same roof with Him, who console His solitude,—shall they be dispersed? Their houses, asylums for the weak, the sick, the wounded,—shall they be closed? Shall those citadels of the Church

be destroyed, those ramparts of defence razed to the ground, those chosen phalanxes dissolved? Shall the voice of truth be silenced? those furnaces of holiness become extinct? Shall those lightning-rods of guilty society be laid low? Shall their never-ending songs of praise, their prayers by day and by night, their penances, their expiation cease to mount to Heaven in the name of society, ignorant and forgetful of what it owes to God? Ah! what strength the Church, and still more the country, would lose by such a calamity!

Pray, then, pray earnestly! Pray through Jesus, the first religious, the founder, the ideal, and the model of the religious life. Pray through Mary and Joseph, who formed with Him at Nazareth the most perfect community; pray through the Apostolic College, the first religious congregation; pray through St. Benedict, St. Dominic, St. Francis, St. Ignatius, St. Teresa, through all the founders of Religious Orders; pray that this crime may be averted, this misfortune ward off, this scourge turned away.

And if you desire a formula which pleases Our Lord, and which He can not reject, repeat to Him the august prayer which He Himself composed on the evening of the Last Supper, after He had communicated

with His Apostles. It is the Eucharistic prayer *par excellence*. Jesus said it with His eyes raised to heaven, His hands extended over His Apostles, at the hour when their dear Congregation was about to be dissolved, and its members were to suffer the most violent persecution. Place these solemn words on the lips of the Saviour, who is praying with you in the sanctuary of His Sacred Host, and say with Him :

“ Father, the hour is come. Glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son may glorify Thee. I have manifested Thy name to those whom Thou hast given Me. Thine they were, and to Me Thou gavest them, and they have kept Thy word.

“ I pray for them; I pray not for the world, but for them whom Thou hast given Me, because they are Thine.

“ And now I am not in the world, and these are in the world, and I come to Thee. Holy Father, keep them in Thy name, whom Thou hast given Me, that they may be one as We also are.

“ While I was with them, I kept them in Thy name. And now I come to Thee, and these things I say before quitting the world, that their joy may be full.

“ I have given them Thy word, and the world hath hated them, because they are

not of the world, as I also am not of the world.

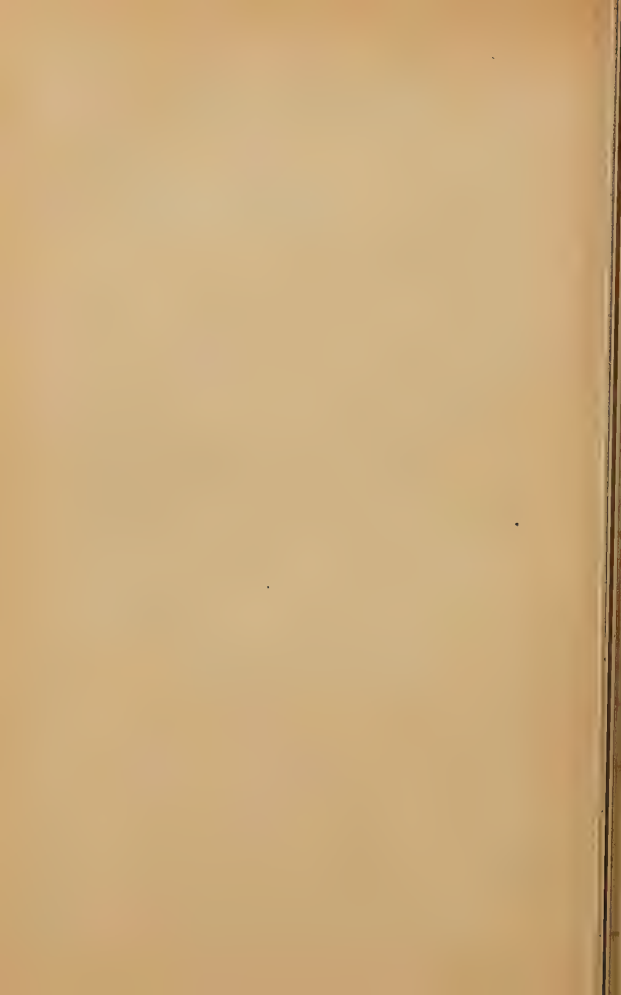
“ I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from evil.

“ Sanctify them in truth.

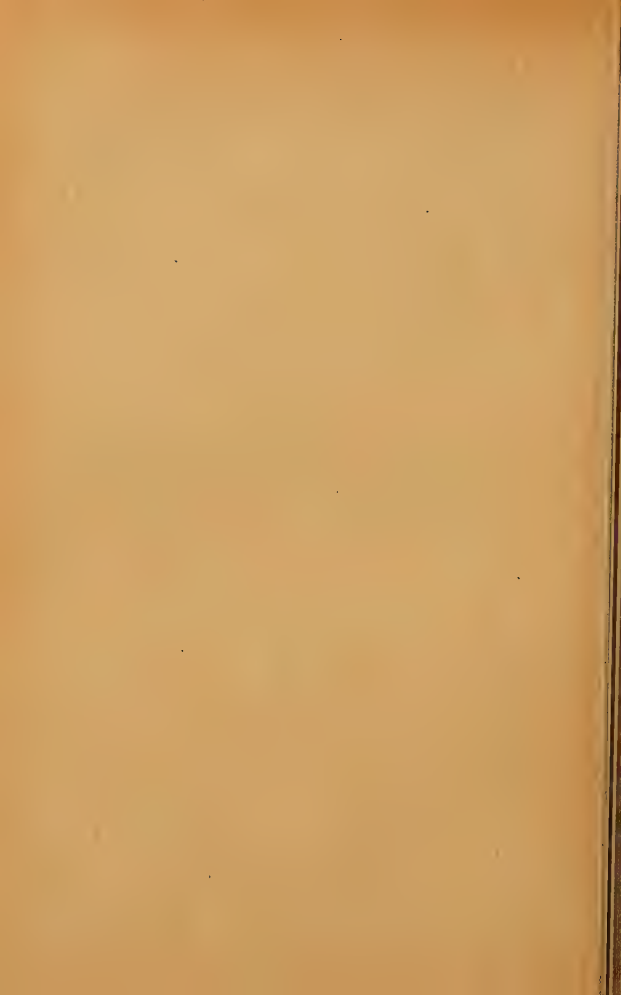
“ And not for them only do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in Me; that they all may be one as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us.

“ I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that Thou hast sent Me, and hast loved them, as Thou hast also loved Me.

“ Father, I will that where I am, they also whom Thou hast given Me may be with Me; that they may see My glory and the love which Thou hast borne Me from before the creation of the world.” — *St. John xvii.*



SORROWFUL MYSTERIES





The Agony of Jesus Christ

I. ADORATION

THE REALITY OF THE AGONY

*Cæpit Jesus pavere et tædere,
contristari et mæstus esse.*

"Then Jesus began to fear and
to be heavy." (MARK XIV, 33.)



JESUS, when I meditate upon Thy agony, it seems as if a heavy, dark cloud envelops Thy tabernacle, a cold, damp atmosphere fills Thy sanctuary. My soul is seized with sadness, my heart oppressed with grief. Ah! it is because there is no mystery more like to Thy Eucharistic annihilation than that of Thy agony.

The solitary tabernacle is cold and bare as the grotto of Gethsemani. Reduced to

the shapeless dust of the Sacred Particle, Thou art more annihilated therein than when Thou didst lie prostrate, Thy forehead in the dust of the garden. There Thou dost prolong Thy prayer and Thy watching night and day, and there Thou dost drink to the dregs—to those dregs that are never exhausted!—the chalice of our offences, our outrages, our ingratitude.

While Thy enemies are plotting to destroy Thee, to make away with Thee, to annihilate Thee, Thy friends, Thy dearest ones, I,—we, whom Thou dost love so much, whom Thou dost call to pray with Thee, *we sleep*, dull, tepid, and with no heart for Thee, O Thou Friend not appreciated, O Thou adorable Abandoned One!

Victim of Love, Thou art indeed the Agonizing One of Gethsemani! I ask pardon for my thankless forgetfulness, for my odious tepidity. From this moment I earnestly desire to watch, to pray with Thee, and to follow Thee in Thy agony.

“ My soul is sorrowful even unto death! ” Eternal Truth, this word is strictly true as are all that have fallen from Thy lips. It is not exaggerated by sorrow. It is the expression of exact truth. Thy soul is sad, and sad unto death. It is sad in spite of its union with eternal and living joy; sad,

in spite of the Beatific Vision in which it has rejoiced since its creation; so sad that its sadness is capable of breaking the bonds that bind it to the body, if Thou didst not sustain it with almighty help proportioned to its sorrow.

What kind of sadness is it that is capable of casting such a soul into such a state? It is the accumulation of all the sorrowful affections that can afflict the human soul: fear, distress, terror, gloom and chagrin, repugnance and contradiction, weariness and despondency. These were the chilling sources of the moral sufferings that united their dark waves to form the torrent of anguish which inundated the blessed soul of Jesus: *Ceopit pavere et taedere, constristari et moestus esse.*

But why all at once this terror in Him who, born to conquer Satan, has up to the present proceeded against injustice so courageously?—this dejection in Him who came to bring joy upon earth and who spread it so abundantly around Him?—this discouragement in Him, who in labor from His infancy swore to accomplish all justice?—and this repugnance in Him who so cheerfully embraced the condition of sinful man?

If it is the approaching Passion, did not Christ have it before His eyes from His

very entrance into the world? If it is sin, did He not also from that moment bear its weight and its ignominy?

Ah, yes! From His first hour, the Saviour accepted the burden of sin and the chastisement that it deserves. That terrible excess of agony plainly shows what for thirty three years was His interior life, which the *Imitation* calls " a cross and a martyrdom, " but whose sufferings He restrained within His own soul.

Now He broke down the floodgates, and permitted the torrent to inundate Him. Now we see the horror that He had for sin whose responsibility He had assumed, and what its expiation cost Him.

The agony is then a revelation freely desired and consented to, a homage to the holiness and the demands of Divine Justice.

The sins of all times and of all men, Jesus had to take upon Himself while accepting their ignominy and punishment. Before their horrible deformity, His soul so upright, pure, and holy, recoils in affright. Before their punishment His flesh shudders and trembles, His Heart is agitated. His soul is crushed under the weight of its sadness, descends even to the jaws of hell. His body is exhausted and under the pressure of agony pours forth the bloody sweat

from every pore. Christ falls vanquished, agonizing, unable to bear more. He recovers strength to continue this combat until death only by accepting in prolonged prayer the will of His Father, who had subjected Him to it.

Oh, what adoration, of God's justice and sanctity is that of this agony! Sanctity of the Father, Thou hast such horror for sin that Thy most holy Son agonizes under its responsibility, although He had never contracted its stain. Justice of God, Thou dost execute vengeance with zeal so terrible and rigor so exacting that the Just *par excellence*, who owes nothing for Himself, agonizes before Thy avenging demands! Sanctity and Justice of God, receive that homage of adoration, that expiation of love, thrice offered Thee by the sweet Victim of Thy frightful rigor: *Fiat! Fiat! Fiat!*

Jesus, O Jesus, covered with sweat and blood! Jesus, pale from fright, and oppressed with agony! Jesus trembling, and begging for pardon like a criminal! Jesus, so truly man in Thy terror, so truly God in Thy constancy! Jesus, so holy in Thy repugnance, so devoted in Thy resignation! Jesus, I adore Thee in Thy agony of suffering in Gethsemani, and in Thy agony of humiliation in the Eucharist!

II. THANKSGIVING

THE TREASURES OF JESUS' AGONY

Pater, fiat voluntas tua !

" Father, Thy will be done ! "
 (MATT. XXVI, 42.)

"  Ather, take from Me this chalice !
 If it be possible, let it pass from Me ! To take upon Myself those crimes, to put on that mantle of ignominy, to bear that Passion, that betrayal, that abandonment by My own, those accusations, those calumnies, that iniquitous condemnation, those scourges, those thorns, that cross, those nails, that agony and death — O Father, it is *too much !*

" But if these excesses would be of any use to all for whom I am going to suffer them ! If these expiations would purchase them ! If My death would restore life to them ! But no ! The greater number will not profit by it. Father, I conjure Thee ! All things are possible to Thee, let this chalice pass from Me ! "

But, my Jesus, if Thou dost refuse this chalice of my sins and of Thy sufferings, I am forever lost ! Jesus, my Victim, my

Security, my Priest, my Redeemer, — *Jesus, save me!*

Poor soul, whosoever you may be, Jesus has heard your voice through the tempest of His terror. In spite of the veil of blood that covers His eyes, He has seen your distress, your misery. His Heart, which has been prevailed upon, has taken fresh courage, and with immense tenderness He says : “ *Whatever it may cost Me, I will save you!* ”

“ Father! Father! may Thy will be done! Thou dost will My shame, My condemnation, My Passion and death. I accept all. Let Me be condemned, but let them be freed! Let Me die, but let them live! *Fiat voluntas tua!* ”

It was then love, love for my soul, that sustained the Redeemer in His agony, and made Him accept its consequences. Love Incarnate, Love Crucified! what a place I hold in Thy life! What a share Thou dost give me in Thy death!

O generous Love, magnificent Love, royal and magnanimous, who dost take delight in wonders, prodigies, and heroic deeds, be Thou praised and blessed forever!

Ah, yes! Thank Jesus for His agony, for it is not one single act, not a passing proof of love that Jesus has given you in

it, but treasures that He has acquired for you by it, and that He gives to you, — treasures of contrition, — treasures of resignation.

Treasures of contrition. It was in that agony that Jesus detested all sins, that He renounced them, cursed them, and testified for them all the horror and hatred they deserve. It was in that agony that He accepted all the chastisement He had incurred, and took upon Himself the whole debt toward Divine Justice. It was in it that He resigned Himself to the satisfaction demanded by God. In it lastly through love for His Father, He preferred to die than to allow sin to live. That hatred of sin, that acceptance of its expiation through love for God, is true and perfect contrition.

Jesus, it is Thine and it is mine, for it is in my name that Thou dost agonize! My sins are before Thee. Thou dost take them on Thy shoulders. Thou dost detest them, and accept their punishment. Sweet Victim! what a weight I added to the burden of crime that crushed Thee! what dregs in that sea of filth that submerged Thee! Poor sinners, come ye all and plunge into that vast reservoir of salutary contrition dug out by Jesus in Gethsemani!

It is there that all who have been converted, since Adam, and who will be converted to the end of time, draw the repentance and the pardon of their sins. Take the contrition of Jesus, appropriate it to yourselves, for it belongs to you.

It flows to you by two principal channels: Confession and Communion. Frequently receive these two Sacraments. In the first, you will find pardon; in the second, hatred of sin, strength to shun it, the cure of the wounds that it has inflicted on you, and the love of justice, for Communion will give you Him who, in Gethsemani, had for sin a radical hatred and who is diametrically opposed to it.

Treasures of resignation. I thank Thee O brave agonizing One of the garden of the agony, for the incomparable examples of strength, generosity, patience, submission, and abandonment to the Divine Will Thou didst give me there! But I owe Thee double thanks for the human manner, so well proportioned to my weakness, in which Thou didst give them.

That Thou didst deign to tremble with fright, to recoil in terror, to experience the sentiments that disturb my soul and daunt my courage in the face of suffering, that Thou didst so earnestly beg for the

removal of that bitter chalice and for deliverance from that dreaded hour, — was, O Jesus, the consummation of Thy condescending love, the supreme delicacy of Thy Heart, Thy Heart of the Saviour which knows our hearts so well!

Blessed be Thou in the Sacrament in which Thou dost continue before my eyes those examples of Thy Agony, and in which Thou dost communicate to me its grace! When I shall have to face some sacrifice, some pain, some suffering; when my mind, my heart, my whole being will rise up in disgust and terror, where shall I find my model for acceptance and submission, O Jesus, except in the Sacrament in which Thou dost accept all, submit to all in silence, patience, and unwearying love? And as if the sight of all that were not sufficient, Thou dost give me from It food and drink. I drink and I eat the graces and the virtues of Thy agony. In Communion, I receive Thy Soul, once sad, anxious, troubled, frightened, but which conquered agony, disgust, and fear by love and resignation. O Jesus, who dost strengthen my soul for the struggle by sacred contact with Thine own, be Thou forever blessed!

III. REPARATION

RAVENING ENEMIES AND SLEEPING FRIENDS

*Conculcaverunt me inimici mei ;
quoniam multi adversum me.*

" My enemies have trodden on
me all the day long ; for they are
many that make war against me."
(Ps. LV, 3.)

IN union with Jesus agonizing, detest your sins, above all the gravest of your life, and those that you have most frequently committed. Dwell upon that act of contrition. Prolong it, renew it. Make it very purely, very supernaturally. Let the love, the beauty, the supreme goodness of God alone be the motive of it. Let the sight of the agony of Jesus animate, nourish, and move it to tenderness.

But what is our contrition, even the most sincere, the most lively, and the most profound? To enliven it, purify it, render it less weak, less cold and inadequate, cast it into the abyss of Jesus' Heart, open in Its agony by His horror for sin, His love for justice.

Then compassionate Jesus. Behold His enemies raging against Him—and *His friends asleep!*

His enemies: Caiaphas, the scribes, the Pharisees, and the priests—all public and declared enemies.

Judas, the secret enemy, the traitor, the hypocritical disciple, the guest at the Last Supper and the consecrated of Jesus' hands! — Judas, who sold his Master, and gathered together the soldiers to apprehend Him, while Jesus was praying, offering Himself, and agonizing for him! — Judas, who is now going to end the terrible drama of the agony by his infamous kiss! — Judas, whose treason, to endure and to expiate, adds so much bitterness to the Saviour's chalice! Ah!! does it not seem that among all the humiliations then opposed to Our Saviour, and whose acceptance caused Him pangs of agony, none could have been more difficult for Him to consent to than the betrayal by one of His friends, and the knowledge that His death would be useless to him on account of his cowardly despair?

But Jesus is attacked by still other enemies. They are barbarous and ferocious, low and coarse, cruel and sanguinary, who everywhere sow death and devastation, everywhere breathe fury and give no quarter. They are recruited in all countries and in all times, their one common sentiment being hatred, their one end death. They are all

sinner. Their chiefs are named Cain, Antiochus, Tiberius, Nero, Arius, Luther, Voltaire. They all faithfully obey one general, whose rage they share, but never satisfy. His name is Satan. He hurls his battalions against Jesus on the battlefield of Gethsemani. They fall upon Him with frightful cries, blasphemies, and impure jeering. They cast Him to the ground, tread Him under foot, pierce Him with wounds, and leave Him for dead.

But is their rage satiated by this assault? Ah, no! They are going to seize Thee, sweet Victim, drag Thee to Calvary, and put Thee to death amid atrocious torments.

Will this be all, and will their fury at last be satisfied?

Alas, no! They will meet Thee again upon this earth of which they wish to possess the mastery; they will seek Thee in Thy tabernacles and under the humble garb of the Sacred Species, and there they will relentlessly pursue Thee. Against Thy Eucharist they will henceforth deal their blows, for it is in It that all sins attack Thee, since Thou hast chosen the Sacrament for Thy abode on this earth. It is in It that Thou dost dwell here on earth. In It Thou dost wish to be known, adored, served, and

loved. It is in It that Thou dost represent to the world Thy Fathers's rights and majesty, and no sin rebounds from His throne that has not first been struck at the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Adorable Hosts of all the tabernacles in the world, is it not true that it is against Christ whose Calvary Ye are, that all sinners rush, whether they know it or not? Is it not true that it is under His eyes, open behind Your white veil, that every sin is committed, that His ears hear every blasphemy? Lastly, is it not true that against Ye rise the impure waves of all sins as they once flowed over the Agonizing One in the Garden of Olives to engulf Him?

Against the agonizing One of the tabernacle, the disciples of Judas are still treacherously plotting. They sell Him, betray Him, deliver Him to their passions and to the demon by the hypocritical kiss of Communion! O Friend betrayed! O Friend insulted! Poor Jesus! Present Thy cheek, that those miserable wretches may press upon it their impure lips!

Behold Thy enemies, O agonizing Jesus! And Thy friends? Alas! like Peter and James and John in the garden, they are sleeping!

Despite the humble and touching prayer

of Jesus not to be abandoned, we sleep. Despite His earnest recommendation to watch against temptation, we sleep. When His enemies are up and advancing against Him, we sleep. Unmindful of His agony, His humiliation, His loneliness, and His weakness, we sleep!

Where are they, O Jesus, who watch and pray with Thee in Thy uninterrupted prayer of the tabernacle?

Our eyes are heavy like those of the Apostles. They are weighed down by egoism, sloth, good cheer, and earthly occupations. They are heavy and closed, unable to see and to understand, incapable of even recognizing the Saviour when He visits us! And our hearts are as heavy as our eyes. They do not love, nor do they feel Thy love. They do not know what it is to give Thee love for love. *Oculi eorum erant gravati!*

O adorable agonizing One, how painful to Thee is the shameful and slothful sleep of those whom Thou dost love, whom Thou dost call and beg to watch with Thee, but who refuse! Oh, what an insult to Thy majesty! what cowardice in the face of Thy weakness! What ingratitude toward Thy love! What pain, what cruelty toward Thy Heart!

IV. PETITION

INTERIOR PRAYER

Vigilate et orate mecum.

"Watch and pray with Me."

(MATT. XXVI, 38.)



HIS mystery, which we call the Agony, the Church celebrates under the name of "The Prayer of Our Lord." Jesus, says the Gospel, went to the Garden to pray; *orare*; and He said to His Apostles: "*Orate, Pray with Me.*" It is here then that Thou art for us, O Divine Master of all useful knowledge, our Master of prayer! It is here that Thou wilt teach us how to pray.

Is there a science more necessary? Is there one against which Satan, aided by the flesh and the spirit of the world, raises up more obstacles by perverting its idea, exaggerating its difficulties, showing its practice so far above our ability, until it becomes for many, who would otherwise draw great profit from it, absolutely impracticable? Teach us to pray: *Doce nos orare*, to pray mentally, O True Adorer, who hast for so many ages continued Thy ineffable prayer

in the silence, humility, and love of the Sacrament!

We are told that Jesus "fell on His knees," and a little later, that He "fell with His face to the earth." Behold the posture for prayer! And these are the words: "Father, remove this chalice from Me; nevertheless not My will, but Thine be done! »

These words, repeated several times, are the only ones that He uttered in those three hours of prayer. They are short, discreet, simple, unaffected. They are the expression of His weakness, and also of His resignation to the Divine Will, the acknowledgment of God's rights, and the delivering of Himself up to those rights. They are the avowal of the sins that He took upon Himself, and the acceptance of all that justice and sanctity could exact for them. Master, how far removed is Thy prayer from all our useless prattle! If we talk incessantly, we think that we have prayed! Thou dost teach us that it is not the lips that ought to pray, but the heart, or to speak more exactly, the will.

How does the Heart, how does the will of Our Lord comport itself in prayer? It desires but the will of the Father, and it abandons itself thereto. What perseverance

in repeating: *Fiat! Fiat!* Yes, Father, yes! And He continues that prayer till the appointed hour, in spite of weariness, disgust, weakness, and until He sweats blood and water.

And what sweetness, what joy, what illumination are His?

Coepit, He began at once to pray, and He continued:—*taedere*, to become weary;—*pavere*, to fear;—*contristari*, to be sad;—*moestus*, to be sorrowful, brokenhearted.

Ah! these were the lights, these were the sweetnesses of Thy prayer, O Christ Saviour!

Weariness—with its languor, its heaviness, its monotony, with the desire that it excites and inflames for change of place and occupation, for diversion.—Weariness!

Fear—sad presentiments, doubts and sorrowful evidences, evil consequences, dread, fright, the need of being reassured, of hearing a friendly word, of taking measures to ward off the danger that threatens.—Fear!

Sadness of soul—poignant, interior, proceeding from the sight of evil from which there is no escape, and which it is necessary to undergo, its greatness, its near approach: that sadness which springs from the depths of one's own being, whose waves, though sometimes repelled, immediately surge again,

because their source is in the very centre of the soul.—Sadness!

Discouraged, dejected, broken-hearted—that is, the heart submerged, engulfed, drowned in that deep sea, troubled and dashed by weariness, sadness, and fear, courage gone, arms laid down, strength exhausted.—Broken-hearted!

Behold the matter of Jesus' prayer! Does it resemble what we conceive, design, or seek in our prayers?

But if Thou hast prayed thus, O Thou first of adorers and their perfect model, can we hope to find any other method? successfully open up any other way?

But does that mean that we may never hope for happiness or consolation in prayer? No, certainly not! God glorifies Himself by communicating His joy and filling the hearts of His children with it. When it pleases Him to cause that sun to shine which fills heaven with joy, let us receive its rays, and drink in its warmth and life. But apart from those blessed moments, prayer is by its nature, a sacrifice. Sacrifice is the spiritual holocaust in which the soul, the heart, the mind, and the imagination, the whole interior being ought to immolate itself to God and be consumed for His glory. Sorrow and suffering therefore

ought to be the natural atmosphere of the soul.

Let us understand it well, let us learn from the prayer of Jesus that, in spite of weariness, disgust, dryness, despondency, and the most humiliating sentiments, in spite of struggle and temptation, in spite of the flesh and Satan, we must continue our prayer.

We should never become discouraged, remembering that all these spiritual torments are true prayer. Let us repeat with Jesus: *Fiat!* Father, not my will, but Thine!

To love does not mean to enjoy. It is not to suffer great things with the sentiment that we are suffering and loving; That would be a most enviable enjoyment. But it consists in devoting one's self without even seeing that we are devoting ourselves, in pouring one's self out, drop by drop under the press, in allowing one's self to be a slow fire that never sends up a flame.

Jesus, Jesus, make us understand, and give us the true spirit of prayer!



The Flagellation of Our Lord

I. ADORATION

THE PAIN OF THE FLAGELLATION

*Tunc ergo apprehendit Pilatus
Jesum, et flagellavit.*

"Then Pilate took Jesus, and
scourged Him." (JOHN XIX, 1.)



ADORE Jesus, the meek, the innocent,
the most sweet Jesus of the Holy
Eucharist, in the court of the scourging.

Pilate has delivered Him "to their will." Their will is the ferocious caprice of a frenzied mob aroused to sanguinary fury. They drag Him into the prætorium, and despoil Him of His garments. The chaste, the august Son of the Virgin stands naked before that scoffing crowd. They bind His

hands to a low pillar, the better to shower blows upon His breast and shoulders.

Do His executioners number sixty? and do they relieve one another, two and two, as was revealed to St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi? Does He receive five thousand blows, as St. Bridget was told by Mary herself who, desolate and powerless, regarded the cruel scene from afar? We may piously believe that this is true. But of one thing we are certain and that is, that Jesus endured in its greatest rigor the punishment of the flagellation.

Leathern thongs, loaded whips, rods, clubs, ropes armed with iron hooks — all were used in turn upon Jesus. The soldiers and the servants, drunk with wine and rage, were hired by the priests filled with hatred, to exercise their ferocity on Him, and to show Him no mercy. Pilate wished to inflict upon Him exemplary chastisement which would satisfy His accusers. "And Jesus," says St. Thomas, "wished to expiate our sins by rendering the punishment infinite, not only by union with His Divinity, as all His other acts, but also by its natural intensity and the degree of suffering that it caused."

Every blow first made a mark upon the body of Jesus, then opened a furrow whence

oozed the blood. Blow crossed blow in every direction, literally hacking the breast and the shoulders of the Saviour: *Vulnere, super vulnus*. His flesh flies about in shreds. It clings to the whips, it is upon the hands of the executioners, upon the pavement and the walls of the prætorium. The bones of the Saviour are scarcely covered by the torn flesh. We can count them.

This frightful punishment is accompanied by blasphemy, mockery, insults, and savage laughter.

And Thou, O Jesus! Thou art silent as in the Sacred Host. Thou art silent, and Thou dost pray for Thy tormentors.

Yes, and the Sacred Host, the fruit of a sacrilegious Communion, the same Jesus whom they scourged in the prætorium, has sometimes been carried to certain Masonic lodges, and there trodden under foot, crushed, reduced to powder. And yet it was Jesus, Jesus, the glorious King of Heaven. He was silent, and He prayed for them, as in the prætorium!

And they? They are blaspheming, cursing, and laughing with satanic laughter!

O Jesus, adorable in Thy scourging, I adore Thee! I adore Thy majesty, Thy almighty power, Thy Divinity, which love

has compelled to undergo for me this horrible punishment! I adore Thee, O Creator, lashed by Thy creatures! Father, struck by Thy children! Sovereign Judge, chastised by criminals! Peerless Lord, beaten by rebel slaves!

Jesus, Son of God! King of angels and of men! Jesus, worthy of the adoration of heaven and of earth, honor, glory, homage, benediction, power, and Divinity be Thine!

O Jesus, scourged in the prætorium by the soldiers and "the whole day long," that is down through the long day of the centuries in Thy Eucharist by profaners, deign to accept the acts of love, of love the most devoted, the most compassionate, the most pure, which I offer Thee for every blow that fell upon Thy thrice holy body!

II. THANKSGIVING

LOVE'S INGENUITY

*Disciplina pacis nostræ super
eum, et livore ejus sanati sumus.*

"The chastisement of our peace
was upon Him, and by His bruises
we are healed." (Is. LIII, 5.)

S under the flail that beats the wheat
on the threshing-floor, the pure grain
is disengaged; as under the wine-press jet
the vermilion waves that rejoice the vine-
dresser; so under the blows of Thy flagella-
tion, O Jesus, Wheat of the elect, Wine of
virgins, Thou dost pour Thyself out in
precious, abundant, and inexhaustible graces
for us. Thy love makes of this punishment
one of the most profound sources of the
ocean of satisfaction, whence the Faithful
can at all times draw for their salvation

Who would not admire, who would not
bless the meekness, the patience, the silence
of Jesus during His flagellation? It is love
that consigns Him to it, love that closes
His eyes to it, love that sustains Him to
bear that unheard-of punishment to the
end. Thy love, O Jesus, delivered Thee
to their will, to their power! It made

Thee their victim and their sport! But is it *they*? No, it is *I myself*, O sweet Victim, innocent Lamb! It is to *me* that Thy love delivers Thee!

Thou dost undergo those blows only to ward from me those of the divine wrath. Thy body is torn to pieces that mine may flourish here below in purity, and in heaven in glory.

At every blow that tears Thy sacred flesh there opens a new mouth to pour forth the most perfect praise to the Father, and to make for me the highest act of love and the most ardent prayer. Thou dost will to accept with special love every stroke that falls upon Thee, and willingly dost Thou offer Thyself to bruises. Thou didst foresee it all from the moment of Thy Incarnation. In Thy agony Thou didst accept it anew, and now Thou art realizing the baptism of blood for which Thou didst so amorously sigh. Every drop of blood that spurts forth from Thy wounds and is lost on the whips, the arms of the soldiers, or on the ground of the prætorium, carries with it my salvation and that of Thy executioners. Thy love, so active, so industrious, so strong with sovereign power, is eager to change what is a crime and a barbarity into a work of Redemption for me and of

glory for God. O Jesus, how mighty is Thy love! In everything and at all times it has the first and the last word.

By His dolorous flagellation Jesus avenges all the criticisms and mockeries of the world. Despite the clamors of sensuality, He justifies, sanctifies, and renders meritorious our voluntary flagellations, inspired by justice or by love. Under this head fall both public and private penances, those of the religious life, and those more difficult and therefore more precious of the faithful friends of Jesus in the world.

Of what account is all that can be said against those holy austerities, since Jesus has first submitted His own shoulders to them?

O powerful encouragement! O blessed Modell! To follow Thee, to imitate Thee, to render Thee love for love, I desire always to chastise myself for Thee. And Thou wilt accept my feeble tribute to Thy scourging, O Sacred Victim of the prætorium, Thou who hast given me the example! I offer it also in reparation for the profanation to which Thou art so often subjected. O Sacred Host of the tabernacle! Thou dost give me the grace to do so.

III. REPARATION

EXPIATION OF SINS AGAINST HOLY PURITY

Propter scelus populi mei percussi eum.

"For the wickedness of my people have I struck him."

(Is. LIII, 8.)



ESUS willed to suffer in soul and body, in all the powers of His soul, in all the members of His body, that His reparation might reach to evil in all its sources, and expiate it in every organ. As the anguish of His soul in His agony especially repaired interior sins, so did His flagellation expiate the sins of the flesh.

In the sin of the flesh, whatever it may be, vanity, sensuality, gluttony, impurity, there are always two elements of evil, namely, pride and voluptuousness. The latter, voluptuousness, aims at its own pleasure, its repose, its happiness in the goods of the senses. It is the exterior act of sin. But the former, pride, is at the root. It rejects the law of God, overthrows the barriers which His will has set up against the enjoyment of present goods, and wishes to depend upon self only. The sin of the flesh is then apostasy and idolatry.

But oh, what expiation Jesus offered for it in His flagellation!

Could He have been more abased, more humbled, more outraged than in allowing Himself to be scourged?—And by such hands! Hands of servants obedient to the orders of the proud and adulterous high-priests, servants formed after the image of their masters—hands of common executioners, hands of pagan soldiers filled with pollution and impurity!

Lastly, degrading and ignominious as it was to those condemned to it, this punishment was still subject to certain rules. But for Jesus there was no regard, neither as to the number of blows, nor the choice of scourges. Inflamed by rage, His tormentors struck Him in the excess of the cruelty to which they were urged by Satan.

To the ignominy of the scourging they added the still more revolting affront of spitting and slapping in the face, scoffs, and sarcasm.

O Jesus, what depths of humiliation! Pride of the flesh, art thou satisfied?

And what excess of suffering!

The Saviour's body was the most sensitive of all bodies, first because it was the most perfect of all, having been directly formed by divine power; and again because

it had been created to be the body of the Universal Victim. It felt suffering in all the extent, in all the intensity that could possibly be experienced. Oh, what a glowing furnace of tortures, of torments, and of pains, was enkindled in each of Thy muscles and torn nerves, in each of Thy opened veins, in every portion of Thy quivering flesh, O Victim truly immolated!

He is wound upon wound. There is not a spot without its open wound, enlarged, dug into by repeated and multiplied blows : *A planta pedis usque ad verticem capitis non est in eo sanitas!* From the sole of His foot to the top of His head, there is no soundness in Him!

Delights of the flesh, behold your work! Behold the flesh of the Saviour such as you have made it! Behold man, purity itself your Victim! Behold to what you have reduced Him : *Ecce Homo!*

O Man of sorrows! If we would understand what sin of the flesh is, if we would have sincere contrition, we must behold Thee scourged, we must listen to the whizzing of the whips as they fall upon Thy shoulders. we must enter into Thy wounds.

To preserve ourselves from that sin, or to cure ourselves of it, let us receive this Victim whose flesh has been scourged. Its

virginal origin and its constitutive purity create the aroma which preserves and conserves. Its flagellation gives to it the curative and expiatory virtue. It will restore to us a flesh pure, submissive, peaceful, docile to the spirit, and participating in the angelic life which the soul can live here below by grace. It mitigates the ardor of the passions, purifies the humors, spreads throughout the whole being coolness, calmness, and peace. It perfumes and embellishes the flesh. It renders the body sober, mortified, alert, energetic, fortifying it in war against sin and its occasions. But it must be nourished frequently, habitually, yes, even daily, by that loving Victim in the Holy Eucharist, though never with so much fidelity, so much ardor, or so lively a sentiment of need as when tempted, or when longing to rise from some lamentable fall.

With Thy Flesh for nourishment, O my Saviour! Thy virginal and flagellated Flesh, is it not true that we can pass unhurt through the seductions and the perils of life, that we can never die? But without It, inevitable, shameful, and sorrowful death awaits the soul. The flesh corrupts its way, allures the soul, and hurries it to the fires of hell. Thou hast said it, O Eternal Word, and Thy words are spirit and life:

IV. PETITION

THE GRACE OF CORPORAL MORTIFICATION

Castigo corpus meum et in servitutem redigo . . ne forte reprobus efficiar.

"I chastise my body, and bring it under subjection, lest I myself become a reprobate."

(I COR. IX, 27.)



ADORABLE, Flagellated One, it is by Thee that we shall be judged! And what will be Thy sentence if Thou dost not see on us the mark of the scourge, which we have so much right to use, since Thou didst suffer it so cruelly for love of us?

Is it possible to contemplate Thee in the prætorium without understanding the necessity of imitating Thee? Mortification of the senses, expiation of sins of the flesh, by the punishment of the flesh, is the fruit that ripens naturally and quickly in the sun of this sweet, though terrible mystery.

Away with the sensual and the cowardly, the prudent and the carnal, who blush at Thy cross, and who are scandalized at Thy flagellation! We shall not be saved by other means than those that Thou Thyself

hast used, O Adorable Chief of the elect! The ways of holiness for us are the same as those that Thou didst open. Thou didst enter upon them first, calling on us to follow.

Corporal mortification is a question of elementary justice, an obligation to Christianity, an absolute need for the heart that loves.

We have satisfied, we have adored our flesh. Sin has become incarnate in it. It has taken a body in our body, and become one with it; hence it is not enough to regret sin interiorly and to commit it no more. The body must be chastised, purified. The idol must be broken and reduced to powder. God must be avenged. His image and likeness also, which sin has degraded in the flesh, must be avenged. For all that, the body must be scourged and beaten. It is an animal that must be corrected by the whip and the rod. Do we hesitate? Then, our contrition is weak. It is to be hoped that we do not rest satisfied with the mere outward show of contrition!

What! Jesus is scourged with a thousand blows for our sins, and we recoil from punishing our flesh by a slight stroke of the discipline? We believe ourselves discharged by the simple avowal of our guilt,

by a slight humiliation? No! The law of retaliation requires that wherein we have sinned therein must we be punished: bruised flesh for pampered flesh, corporal suffering for sensual pleasure!

Even should we not have sinned, our Baptism unites us to the death of Jesus. Our body is no longer our own. It belongs to Jesus, who wishes to continue in it, reproduce in it His sufferings and death. It is for that He gives Himself in Communion. He wishes to become incarnate anew. He looks for members that can by suffering renew His Passion, continue and complete His expiation with their blood. His Host wishes to make of our bodies willing victims, offered and immolated by zeal for justice.

It is love, above every other consideration, that ought to nerve the arm. Jesus, do I love Thee if I do not avenge upon my person the injury inflicted on Thine by the flagellation? if I allow Thee in the prætorium to receive all the blows? if I have not courage to bruise my body in a spirit of reparation and compassion when Thy Sacred Hosts, in which Thou dost retain all the love which Thou hast for me, are profaned by hatred and impiety?

Let us, then, arm ourselves with the

scourge; henceforth let it never rest. Let it tear our flesh, and draw from our heart fountains of compassionate love for our Jesus, scourged at Jerusalem by the executioners, and in the Blessed Sacrament by the profane!



The Crowning with Thorns

I. ADORATION

THE DEPTHS OF IGNOMINY

*Plectentes coronam de spinis,
imposuerunt capiti ejus.*

"And plating a crown of thorns,
they put it upon His head."

(JOHN XIX, 2.)



WHEN the Saviour, rending the Eucharistic veils, revealed His Heart to Blessed Margaret Mary, that Heart which is the centre, the life, the grandeur, and the power of the Sacrament, It was surrounded by a crown of thorns.

Adore then in the Sacred Host, the Saviour crowned with thorns, and go in spirit to the prætorium. What scene is being

enacted there, unprecedented, inconceivable, surpassing anything that can be imagined the most cruel!

Which weighs the more heavily in the balance, the suffering or the ignominy? It is a struggle between the two in which the ignominy appears to have the advantage, but ignominy bloody and inhuman.

Jesus has just been scourged. The cruelty of His executioners has been glutted. Their impiety will now make game of their victim. They are going to treat Him as a mock king, in order to make Him expiate the sin of ambition of which they accuse Him.

They throw over His shoulders a tattered red cloak, in lieu of the royal purple. They seat Him on the column to which not long since He was bound—and that is His throne! They put a reed in His hand. Behold His sceptre! Lastly twisting together some flexible branches armed with long thorns, they weave a crown, which they place on His head, driving it in with the blows of a reed—and that is His diadem!

The thorns penetrate the Saviour's skull, Blood flows copiously, blinding His eyes, bathing His face, steeping His beard, and running in long streams over His breast and shoulders.

And then—oh, triumph of Satan's hatred,

which eternal torments can never avenge sufficiently — they present themselves before the Saviour as He sits in silent resignation; they bend the knee, and salute Him in mockery: “ Hail, King of the Jews! — *Ave, Rex Judæorum!* ” And lo! As if to accentuate the meaning of their derisive homage, they rise, approach Jesus, strike Him with their fists, and spit in His face.

Blows and spittle! Ignominy of ignominy! Those rude hands upon that face! That foul, infected spittle upon that forehead in which dwells the living and eternal Thought of God the Father! on those pure eyes in which is reflected the unblemished light of glory! on those cheeks emaciated by fasting, pallid with agony, and once covered with Mary’s kisses! on those lips, the throne of clemency, the organ of eternal truth!

What, O Jesus; has become of Thy adorable countenance under the pollution of that spittle, under the bruises of those blows? Son of God, whither has Thy love led Thee? Angels of heaven, is He no longer your King? Mary, are you no longer His Mother? O ye heavens, O earth, do you not resent the excess of ignominy heaped upon your Creator?

And Thou, meek and patient Jesus, Thou

dost not turn away from the blows and the spittle! Thou dost not try to escape one of them! Ah, it is because Thou art abandoned to them in good earnest!

Such is the history of the Crowning with Thorns. Would eternity if spent in contemplating it, suffice to make us understand the sublime, the unspeakable love of Jesus who willed it, who accepted it, who submitted to it unto the end?

But behold, O Jesus! I acknowledge Thee, I adore Thee in Thy Host, O King, crowned in the prætorium with the crown of thorns! Permit me to crown Thee in Thy Sacrament of Love, with honor, with homage, and with praise!

Take possession of the throne of my heart, and reign there alone and without division. Take the sceptre of Thy rule, and govern my thoughts, my affections, and my life. O my King! I desire to obey Thee forever.

Permit me to lay upon Thy shoulders the mantle of respect, of religion, and profound adoration. In recognition of Thy adorable royalty, I prostrate at Thy feet, I bend my knee before Thy Majesty, veiled under the species of the Sacrament. But, Lord of all goodness, deign to notice that I bow my reason lower than my head,

my heart and my will lower than my person, I abase, I annihilate my whole being to render Thee homage : *Ave Rex Judæorum!*

Reign, King of the Jews and of the Gentiles, King of angels and of men, King of heaven and of earth, King of nature, King of grace, King of glory: *Ave Rex Judæorum!*

May the angels of the heavenly kingdom, the stars of the firmament, the birds of the air, the leaves of the forests, adore Thee and cry out : *Ave Rex Judæorum!* May the fruits in our orchards, the flowers in our valleys, the harvests on our plains, hail Thee King : *Ave Rex Judæorum!* May all that live on the earth and in the depths of the sea adore Thee : *Ave Rex Judæorum!* May the souls detained in the prisons of salutary expiation, may everything that exists, everything that has a voice, if only that of its existence, adore Thee, and proclaim Thee King : *Ave Rex Judæorum!*

II. THANKSGIVING

FLOWERS UPON THE THORNS

*Benedic, anima mea, Domino
qui coronat te in misericordia et
miserationibus.* . . .

"Bless the Lord, O my soul . . .
who crowneth thee with mercy and
compassion." (Ps. CII, 1, 4.)

IT is not only to add one more torment, one more humiliation to His Passion that Jesus accepts the crown of thorns. His love aims higher and further. Having come to repair the fall of Adam, to expiate his sin, and to undergo his chastisement, He remembers that, among the maledictions hurled against the guilty fugitive from Paradise, figured the thorns and thistles which encumbered the earth, rendering it sterile, despite man's labors and the sweat of his brow: "*Spinas et tribulos germinabit tibi.*"—"Thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee."

Thorns and thistles in the fields, thorns and thistles in life, thorns and thistles in the heart—such is man's condition since his sin. Had not the Saviour come, those thorns and thistles of time would have sown the

eternal thorns and thistles of suffering and despair in hell. But, behold the Restorer of Eden! His blood watering our thorns, has made them bloom, fructify, and ripen into flowers of virtue, fruits of merit, and harvests of glory!

By offering His head to the crown of our thorns, Jesus willed to transform the thorns that especially lacerate the head of man, the sin of pride, pain of mind, disorders of the brain. By crushing their sting, He will make them fruitful; and from sterile and insupportable as they were before, they will become salutary, desirable, and meritorious.

Sins of pride, which have their root in man's reason, and consequently in his head: self-esteem, contempt of others, complacency in one's own thoughts, obstinacy in one's own opinion, adoration of one's own works—all these thorns, long and stiff and piercing. Jesus gathered together into His crown, and they penetrated His sacred forehead. But scarcely do they touch that venerable head before their points are broken—not only broken, but transformed into flowers of humility and Christian simplicity, if we only know how to keep them watered with His Blood, and united to the ignominy of the Almighty Repairer.

The other thorns of our head, which are pains of mind, namely, doubts, anxiety, troubles, terror, despair, which, assailing the strongest souls, cause them to suffer so cruelly, and for which there is no human remedy, Jesus, by delivering His brow to the executioner and by bathing them in His Blood, covers with an admirable bloom of peace, resignation, and filial abandonment. He restores them to us, as it were transfigured, become sweet, gracious, and easy to bear.

Lastly, if Jesus willed in His crowning, the suffering to be equal to the ignominy, it was with the intention of enduring in His own head, but in a supreme degree, all the tortures that afflict man from the thorns of those numberless, cruel, and varied maladies which have their seat in the brain. His Blood jetted out over those thorns and thistles, because His love desired to make them fruitful. Under the combined influence of the freshness of that Blood and the warmth of that love the torments of our head ripen into fruits of merit, expiation, and powerful intercession.

O most charitable Redeemer, who dost know how to turn everything to love, and to make the objects of my abhorrence the

instruments of my salvation, be Thou a thousand and a thousand times blessed!

But that is not all! Will Thy love ever cease to invent the means that multiply it to my advantage and in my service?

From the flowers that expanded on the thorny crown when it was forced into Thy head, and from the fruits that it immediately bore, Thou hast made a cordial, a beverage, which Thou dost daily offer me to drink in the Eucharistic chalice. It has the same power, the same efficacy now as then to cure pride and its temptations, to calm mental troubles and prevent their fatal consequences, even to alleviate the maladies of the head, or render them at least endurable.

Have I not in the Host of each of my Communions, O my adored Jesus (Thou knowest it, for Thou didst institute It), have I not the merits, the satisfactions, the curative properties, and all the vivifying fruits that Thou didst acquire by the ignominy and sufferings of Thy crowning? Yes, I certainly have them since I really receive the countenance which was buffeted by the soldiers, the cheeks sullied by their spittle, the head crowned with thorns, the Blood that flowed from their punctures, the love that accepted all these sufferings along with

the shame, and the Divine Person who transforms them into expiation of infinite value and into remedies of inexhaustible efficacy.

III. REPARATION

IGNOMINY! IGNOMINY!

Exivit ergo Jesus portans coronam spineam et purpureum vestimentum. Et dicit eis: Ecce homo!

"Jesus therefore came forth, bearing the crown of thorns and the purple garment. And Pilate saith to them: Behold the man!"

(JOHN XIX, 5.)

EHOLD the man!—Down through the ages He will present Himself to the generations of the human race in the Sacrament that recalls and continues His Passion. And the Church, calling her children to adore Him, to contemplate Him, will say to them: *Ecce homo!* Behold the Man, the perfect Man, the holy Man, the Man whose love delivered Him to death for the salvation of other men! *Ecce Homo!*

Look upon and compassionate this Man of sorrows so well acquainted with infirmity:

scientem infirmitatem. Compassionate the torments of His head pierced in all directions. Oh, immense, infinite pain, whose degree and intensity and extent are so many fathomless abysses! Gaze with pious and tender sympathy upon the wounds of that adorable head. See those long thorns, those hard thorns, buried in the skull by the blows of a rod!

Compassionate the grief of His soul, the unheard-of ignominy of that insulting coronation, endured by a Man who was at the same time God. Call to mind all the insults, all the outrages showered upon Him, and plunge with Him into the bottomless abyss of His humiliation.

If the ignominy of the crowning had ceased with the prætorium! If Jesus were now only in heaven where His Father has placed on His brow a brilliant crown of glory as a recompense for having accepted the crown of thorns!

But no! His love has brought Him back to earth in the Sacrament, and soon He is again pricked by the thorns that our miserable earth ceases not to produce for Him. He has found new executioners—for all of us bear that stamp more or less—who constantly weave for Him in the Host crowns whose thorns pierce Him more

sharply even than those of that first crown. Ah, yes, He has said as much in bitter accents to the confidant of His Heart!

Adorable Victim, Thou hast said of what these thorns are formed: of the coldness, the rebuffs, the irreverence, the forgetfulness, the ingratitude with which we overwhelm Thy Sacrament!

And Thou dost add that there are certain thorns which cause Thee a still more lively sorrow, which lacerate Thy Heart still more deeply, and which are more frequently and more cruelly plunged into the wound. And what are they? They are the softness, the voluntary negligence, the secret treason, the obstinate tepidity, the repeated sins, the little real love of Thy privileged and favored friends, of Thy ministers, and of Thy consecrated spouses!

Jesus! I too am one of the thorns of the crown that mangles and lacerates Thy Heart in the Sacrament! To what depth, with what cruelty I transpierce It, Thou alone knowest who art the silent victim. But I now swear to Thee (and grant me the grace to keep my oath) from this moment it is over, and I would rather die than continue to torture Thee!

Hosts of the Sacrifice! Hosts of the Communion! Hosts of the Tabernacle and of

Solemn Exposition! Hosts always crowned with thorns and saturated with opprobrium, I detest all the irreverence, all the negligence, all the outrages, all the sacrileges which are committed against Thy majesty and Thy sanctity, despite Thy meekness, Thy patience, and Thy merciful silence!

Transpierce my heart with the thorns of contrition, of compassion, of true sorrow, that it may pour out on Thy Heart reparation and consolation equal to Thy humiliations and worthy of Thy love!

IV. PETITION

THE CROWN OF GLORY AND THE CROWN OF THORNS

Videmus Jesum, propter passionem mortis, gloria et honore coronatum.

"But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels, for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor."

(Heb. II, 9.)



HE twofold teaching of this mystery is that Christ once crowned with ignominy, is now crowned with glory; and that we, to share in His crown of glory, must wear here below His crown of thorns.

Jesus received the reward of His humiliating coronation on the day of His ascension. Since then He is reigning in heaven in His glorified Body, seated on a throne of gold, the royal sceptre in His hand, a sparkling diadem on His head. Myriads of angels and saints prostrate before Him, hailing Him and rendering Him the homage of perfect adoration, of eager obedience, and of perpetual praise.

But on earth, as well as in heaven, He should receive the recompense merited by His sufferings and humiliations. Here below, where His Sacred Humanity was so humbled, so abased, so maltreated, It ought to be publicly exalted, served, and honored. And as in the Holy Eucharist, as well as in Jerusalem He has been crowned with contempt and treated as a mock king, so now He should receive the public homage of acknowledged royalty before the eyes of all men.

The royal worship of the Sacred Humanity of Jesus in the Church is the Exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Let us then give, let us procure for the King of the Host just as far as we are able, were it only by ardent desires and fervent prayers, the glorification of Solemn Exposition. Let us offer this com-

pensation to the King crowned in the prætorium with the thorns of suffering, to the Sacrament crowned with the thorns of ingratitude, overwhelmed here as there with contempt, outrage, and unworthy treatment!

But that our compensation may be perfect, let us be attentive to surround His Eucharistic throne with wealth and splendor, His august Presence with honor and respect. Let us with the most exact fidelity conform to the ceremonial that Holy Church has laid down by way of royal etiquette, for the solemn manifestation of her King. Let us shun the least irreverence, let us repress curious glances, useless words; let us reanimate in ourselves and around us the spirit of faith, adoration, religion, love, fear that, among the flowers of this crown of glory laid on the brow of the King of goodness, there may slip in no thorns to wound, and, in the homage rendered to His royalty, there may be no improprieties that could recall to Him the prætorium instead of making Him forget it.

To Him then in the Sacrament, where He is the Blessed King of this earth, be the crown of glory and honor!—to us the crown of thorns, for it is now our turn.

The crown of thorns for us is, first, the

necessity of humbling ourselves, of faithfully combating our pride.

Let us relentlessly snatch from our head all the crowns that we have so often and so foolishly placed there. They are formed of vain complacency in self, in our qualities, in our works; of the eager quest after success, applause, and praise; of the desire and pursuit of esteem and affection; of spiritual pride emanating from our graces, from the gifts and favors of God. All these crowns are usurped. They condemned Jesus to bear the crown of thorns and to submit to the ignominy of the prætorium. They redouble the weight of His Eucharistic annihilation! Let us sacrifice them, let us snatch them from our brow, and take instead the crown of humility, obedience, patience, and self-forgetfulness.

Jesus demands of us besides to allow ourselves to be crowned with thorns by creatures, clothed with the mantle of derision, and to have the sceptre of a reed placed in our hand. To humble one's self is good, but to be humbled by others is better. Therein lies the perfect imitation of Jesus.

Thou dost demand it of me, O my Jesus, Thou dost expect it of me! Thou dost wish that for love of Thee, O humble King of the prætorium, more humble King

of the Host, I accept humiliation on the part of creatures whom Thou dost use to reproduce in me Thy ignominy. — I, too, wish it. I accept!

To wear Thy crown for love of Thee is to allow myself to be torn by the thorns of raillery, detraction, calumny, in silence and without protest, unless the evident interests of Thy glory demand that I should speak.

To take Thy sceptre of a reed is to accept for love of Thee, if such be Thy holy will, the ignominy of seeing one's authority set at naught, one's worth contested, ignored, unrecognized.

To hear the *Ave Rex* is for love of Thee always to accept in silence, in patience, sweetness, and condescension, the homage that one knows to be hypocritical and deceitful, and under which insult is couched.

It is necessary, absolutely necessary, that I place my head, O Jesus, where Thou didst place Thine — under the thorns, the affronts, the humiliations, the blows, and the spittle of the prætorium — in the weakness, the ignominy, the annihilation of the Sacrament! That is Thy glory, O my Jesus! It is my salvation, my sanctity!



The Carrying of the Cross

I. ADORATION

THE WEIGHT OF THE CROSS

*Et bajulans sibi crucem, exivit
in eum qui dicitur Calvariae lo-
cum.*

"And bearing His own cross,
He went forth to that place which
is called Calvary."

(JOHN XIX, 17.)

ADORE Jesus, this Jesus whom your faith shows you annihilated under the veil of the Sacred Species; adore Him laden with the Cross and bearing it through the streets of Jerusalem from the prætorium to the Mount of Calvary. Admire with what silent resignation He receives it, with what humble docility He carries it on His shoul-

ders, with what invincible courage He bears it!

Oh, how heavy it is! How crushing its weight! It cuts into His shoulder making a deep wound. The Saviour bends beneath it, and goes forward with difficulty. Thrice He falls, oppressed by its weight, bruising His hands and knees on the rough stones of the road.

And what a humiliation! The cross was the punishment of slaves alone. No free citizen could be condemned to it, were he even an assassin or a parricide. But for Jesus, nothing is too low, nothing too ignominious!

While thus journeying on, weighed down by shame and fatigue, behold His eyes casting on you glances full of love, compassion, and pardon!

Adore Him! Recognize His majesty in this infamy, His almighty power in this weakness, His sanctity in this iniquitous punishment!

And now, see how He carries His Cross in the Eucharist!

His manner of existence in the Sacrament, His Eucharistic state—is not that a rude Cross, made up of impotence, captivity, obscurity, silence? Ah, what a burden is this state for Him! Thou needest not en-

dure it, O Adorable, Annihilated One, since Thou art God, the Creator, the Conqueror of the world, the victorious King over Satan! But yet Thou dost place Thyself in the power of Thy creatures, of Thy subjects, and of Thy enemies, in the bonds of dependence, infirmity, and inactivity.

Oh, what a state! How it lowers Thee, crushes Thee! It is not the state of a slave who may resist him who oppresses him, nor is it that of the little child who may cry out in danger. It is the destruction, the abrogation, the annihilation of Thy Sacred Humanity!

And He comes down through the ages bending under the Cross of His Eucharistic annihilation, scoffed at, despised, frequently cast upon the ground, mangled by hatred, trodden under foot by pride — and yet always rising again, determined to continue to the end His sacrifice of expiation, to carry His Cross even to the Mount of the Judgment!

His Cross is the spouse of His first love and He will never separate from it!

II. THANKSGIVING

IN OUR STEAD

*Vere languores nostros ipse tulit,
et dolores nostros ipse portavit.*

"Surely He hath borne our infirmities, and carried our sorrow."

(ISAIAH LIII, 4.)

IT was on His sacred shoulders that Jesus bore His Cross, but it was His Heart that accepted it, that sustained it. All our burdens, the burdens of our sins and those of our sufferings, which are the consequences of them, Jesus saw, counted, and accepted in His agony. He accepted our sins in order to bear them to Calvary, where He washed them away in His blood. He embraced our sufferings that, by bearing them, He might take from them their character of chastisement and relieve them of the weight of the divine wrath which pressed upon them.

His love urged Him thus to substitute Himself for us under the burden of our sins and the chastisement that they merit. "God has placed upon Him all our iniquities, and He has borne all our sins." It is the weight of our crimes that renders the Cross of Jesus so heavy; it is that which

excites the repugnance, the disgust, and the shame that He experiences in carrying it.

Alas! how heavily my personal sins, as well as those of others, weighed upon Thy shoulders, O my Jesus! In spite of their number, their malice, their deformity, Thou hast taken them all without excepting a single one!

At the present moment, if Thy glory is extinguished, Thy liberty shackled, Thy lips silenced under the weight of the Sacrament, it is in order to apply to my sins the expiation at the very moment in which I commit them. Ah, yes! Thou dost expiate them by making Thyself responsible for them to Thy Father's justice, and by obtaining for me their pardon through this sacrifice of humiliation which perpetuates the sacrifice of Thy Passion.

The other burdens that crush human hearts: trials, afflictions, sufferings of every kind and every name, Jesus takes also upon His shoulders. It is less His own Cross than ours that He bears. In carrying it with so much love and submission toward His Father, He is amassing treasures for us, treasures of resignation, strength, patience, and above all of love which renders every burden less heavy, every sorrow less bitter.

Oh, what a powerful, what a necessary

help is Thy example here in the Sacred Host! Ah, truly is it less hard to suffer when we behold Thee, O sweet Victim, bearing with so much patience at Jerusalem Thy Cross, and here in the tabernacle Thy Eucharistic humiliations so gently, so humbly, and so resignedly!

It is not enough for Thee to take upon Thyself the heaviest of my trials, and to give me the encouragement of Thy example to help me support the rest of them. Even that rest, the little that remains for me, Thou dost wish still to share, to bear the half of it with me. Is it not for this merciful end that Thou dost offer Thyself to me in Holy Communion?

Come to Me, all ye that are burdened. Take My yoke. I understand Thee, O my Jesus! A yoke is borne by two. Thou dost wish to share the half of all my troubles, trials, and sufferings. O Saviour, so truly my Brother, my Friend, my Spouse, to deem Thee insensible to what concerns me is not to know Thee, and nothing concerns me so closely as my trials.

Although Thou dost give them permission to attack me, they do so only in the measure Thou dost ordain, and Thou dost watch over them with an eye full of solicitude. Should they increase, Thy solicitude increases with

them, as also Thy help. On those days of trial, it seems to me that Thy Flesh is more substantial, Thy Blood warmer, Thy Heart more tender, Thy consolations sweeter, in a word, my Communion more nourishing, because Thou knowest well that I have need of more strength! O love of the most sensitive of hearts, grant that I may comprehend thee in order to bless thee as thou dost deserve!

III. REPARATION

THE PROLONGATION OF THE VIA DOLOROSA

Sequebatur autem illum multa turba populi et mulierum quæ plangebant et lamentabantur eum.

" And there followed Him a great multitude of people, and of women who bewailed and lamented Him. " (LUKE XXIII, 27.)

JESUS carrying His Cross was followed by a double cortège : the first formed by hatred, the second gathered together by love. And so does He come down through the ages under the Cross of the Sacrament between hatred and love.

On one side are His enemies, who are all His executioners: the chief priests, the Pharisees, the scribes, the Herodians, the soldiers, the populace, the excited mob — that is, pride, ambition, luxury, falsehood, hypocrisy, hatred, and violence.

They despise Him, they laugh at Him, they redouble their sarcasms when He falls joining thereto acts of brutality!

Divine Lamb, was not Thy Cross sufficiently heavy that to it must be added the grief of this hideous cortége?

Ah! Thou dost still meet it on the road of the Eucharistic Calvary in the incredulous, in heretics, in the impious, and in libertines. If Thou wilt continue to bear Thy Cross in the Holy Eucharist, they will continue to insult Thee. The only difference is that the executioners have become an innumerable multitude, and that this cruel journey which from the prætorium to Calvary lasted an hour or two, is now extended from one end of the world to the other and it will last as long as the ages themselves.

Happily, Thy eyes, O Jesus, rest upon other figures than those of Thy enemies! Behold, O Jesus, the cortége of Thy friends! But, alas, how few they are compared with Thy enemies! There are not many men in it. Only one, John follows Thee open-

ly. Another, the Cyrenean, consents to relieve Thee for a moment. Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea are without doubt mingling with the crowd.

Women are in greater number. They are more generous, more compassionate, more faithful, animated by the example of Thy Mother Mary. They love Thee, they weep over Thee, they suffer with Thee. Their love supports Thee, and their tears console Thee. Veronica is privileged to render Thee a touching service by wiping Thy face, covered with blood and sweat, filth and spittle. O happy Veronica! happier far than Mary herself, to whom it is not permitted to approach the Son of her unparalleled love!

O Jesus, how small is the band of friends that follow Thee over the route of the Eucharistic Calvary! Among the men, how few are the Johns faithful to follow Thee through love, never abandoning Thee for one instant! How few are the Simons, who at last yield to the action of grace, or whom interest forces to follow Thee!

The women are more faithful to Thee. It is because Mary is with them. Oh, accept their love, their compassion, and their pious cares! Allow them to console Thee, to lighten Thy burden, to comfort Thy Heart

and by their help to remove the shame of Thy poverty, of the incredible destitution and the guilty negligence to which Thou art so often condemned in Thy Sacrament!

Increase their number, O Lord, for Thou hast need of their love and their services!

IV. PETITION

THE GRACE OF RESIGNATION

In his omnibus superamus propter eum qui dilexit nos.

"But in all these things we overcome because of Him that loved us."
(ROM. VIII, 37.)



SINCE in this mystery of merciful condescension, Jesus carries our cross, takes our burdens upon Himself, it is our duty to learn from it to suffer with Him. The fruit that most naturally springs from it for us, is resignation under trial for His love.

Yes, for Thee, for Thy love, O Jesus, because Thou didst first suffer for the love of us, and like unto Thee also with pleasure. because it procures the glory of the Father and the salvation of souls, — behold the great

secret of supporting trials in a Christian spirit with perseverance and fruit.

Grant me the grace to comprehend this mystery and to participate abundantly in its spirit. I earnestly ask it of Thee as the most important grace, as a decisive grace.

First, dearest Lord, grant me, I implore Thee, to know how to resign myself to contradictions, humiliations, persecutions, employments, or labors contrary to my tastes; to inferior positions, failures, difficulties, sickness, and sufferings, intellectual or moral infirmities, dryness, desolation, and temptation; in a word, to everything that can be to me a trial or a cross. Grant me the grace to accept it, to bend my shoulders to it, never formally to reject it by my will whatever my heart of flesh may suggest.

Grant that I may carry my cross as Thou didst, bending under it if necessary advancing painfully, even falling at times when its weight drags me down, as Thou too didst fall, O Strength of God! But like Thee also may I rise again bravely and go on my way!

Lastly, since by Thy delicate condescension to my weakness, Thou didst will to be aided by creatures, although Thou didst have

at Thy disposal the strength and the power of Thy Divinity, deign to send upon my path some Cyrenean who may shoulder my burden in difficult places, or when it presses too heavily. Send some Veronica whose pious assistance may relieve me, may help me to pursue to the end the rough ascent of my Calvary.

But I know well where to find help, relief, and strength! I know where the grace of resignation is found not only by the expression of desire, not only by prayer, but in reality as the strength of the body is renewed by eating. Ah, it is in the Sacrament of Thy Passion and Thy Cross! I know one stronger and more hopeful than Simon of Cyrene, more devout and tender than Veronica, and that is Thyself, O Jesus, Thyself in the Eucharist!

Ah, make it known to every soul sinking under its cross! Grant to all the grace of knowing how to use Thy Sacrament in time of sorrow, for is It not here below the proper remedy and perhaps the only efficacious one? Grant them confidence ever to recur to Thee, to receive Thee, and to count absolutely on Thee, on Thy goodness, on Thy vigilant assistance!

Jesus, faithful Companion of our trials, may the souls that suffer and weep never

doubt Thee! May they never distrust Thee! May they never do Thee the cruel injury of thinking Thee incapable of understanding them, tired of listening to them, or powerless to help them!

O Sacrament of the sweet and compassionate Heart, of the generous and magnanimous Heart, grant me, grant me to place in Thee entire confidence, entire confidence!

If I truly have faith in Thee, O Jesus, if I know that Thou art there in the Host, above all for those that labor and are heavily burdened, if I know how to recur to Thee in all my trials, despite the weariness, the discouragement, the numerous preoccupations that they entail, ah! then I shall have nothing to fear. If in spite of the faults that they may make me commit by my impatience, irritation, and murmuring, I am resolved to flee to Thee after having humbled myself and implored pardon, I shall have nothing to fear.

If, to say all in one word, I desire to remain always near Thee in my trials, never to accept a cross but in union with Thee, Thou wilt bear it with me. Ah! then I shall not fear to ask Thee to lay Thy Cross upon my shoulders, to press it down, and to add to it my own and those of all

whom I love. Ah, yes, burden me, burden me!

Doubtless I shall suffer, I shall stagger, I shall fall, perhaps frequently and heavily under the load. But I am sure, relying upon Thee, upon Thy Heart, upon the strength of Thy Sacrament, that I shall never throw away my cross, until my sacrifice like Thine on Calvary's height is consummated by death!

O Jesus, spare me the trial of suffering without Thee! The lightest cross would be all too heavy for my shoulders did I stand alone. But with Thee to help, send me all that Thou dost please!



Death and Burial of Jesus

I. ADORATION

CALVARY AND THE ALTAR

Quotiescumque manducabitis panem hunc, mortem Domini annuntiabitis.

"As often as you shall eat this bread, you shall show forth the death of the Lord."

(1 COR. XI, 26.)

IN the adorable Host which Jesus instituted to be forever the memorial of His death, adore the Saviour crucified, dying, and entombed as on Calvary. It seems that here, more than in any other mystery, are found visibly united the past and the present of Christ, Calvary and the altar, the bloody death and the annihilated death,

suffering already endured and actual humiliation.

The Saviour willed that the Eucharist should be the sacred and authentic memorial, nay, not only the memorial, but the continuation, the renewal, the reproduction of His Passion and death. Let us, then, look upon this Sacrament as the Crucifix *par excellence*, let us see in It the Saviour dying for our love. When seeking support in our trials, let us fly to the Cross and to the sweet Victim who expired on it in the agony of suffering and abandonment. Let us go also to the tabernacles. There truly is the Cross, bearing the Victim whom His own love and our sins have fastened thereon forever.

The mystery of Jesus' death has three acts : the Crucifixion, the Last Sigh of the Saviour, and His Burial. This last act finishes what the first began.

Adore Jesus in His *Crucifixion*. Behold Him stretched upon the Cross, His members violently distended, the nerves broken, the muscles torn. Listen to the blows of the hammer as they fall heavily upon His hands and feet. Assist at this scene, and then with Mary contemplate it — Mary, the poor Mother plunged in sorrow!

At the Consecration, listen to the sacred words which like new nails fix the Body

of the Saviour upon the Cross of the Sacrament, where He remains without movement. On Calvary is the suffering, here is the humiliation, but more deeply impressed by the sword of those words than by the three nails of the Cross.

Next, adore Jesus breathing forth His *Last Sigh*. He gives up His soul by a final effort of love—but of what love! If the separation from the body is so painful for our miserable souls, what must it have been for the soul of Jesus to quit so pure a body, a body that had been so faithful and so devoted a servant?

Contemplate Him now in His Eucharistic immolation. His state is an equivalent death extending further than even ordinary death. To become a Sacrament He had to divest Himself of the use of His Body, the joy of life, of glory, and of liberty—no more sight, no more speech, no more action, not even what remains to a corpse, the human features. Consecration annihilates Him. It is more than death!

Burial is death consummated. Jesus willed to undergo that. He was laid in a borrowed sepulchre. Some honored Him in it; others ceased not to pursue Him with their bitter hatred.

Behold how He continues to allow Him-

self to be buried in the winding-sheet of the corporal and beneath the cold stone of the species, all that is prepared for Him. How He disappears therein! What a seal upon this stone! The breast of the communicant will be for Him another tomb in which He will lose even His Eucharistic life, that existence already so frail and so humble. Some, thank God! like the holy women, like Mary and Joseph and Nicodemus, honor His Eucharistic burial by purifying the winding-sheet of their heart, by piously guarding Him, and by surrounding His tabernacles with generous worship. But how many others insult and profane Him therein! — To profane a grave! — And in the souls of many, what rottenness! What dry bones!

Oh, compassionate, adore, love, guard faithfully the Crucified, the Dying, the Entombed of Golgotha and of the Eucharist!

II. THANKSGIVING

LOVE IN DEATH

Christus dilexit me et tradidit semetipsum pro me.

"Christ loved me and delivered Himself for me." (GAL. II, 20.)

WHEN it is love, O Jesus, nothing but love, and Thy too great love, that delivers Thee to this death of the Cross — Thou dost love me, and Thou dost deliver Thyself. To deliver Thyself is with Thee identical with the act of loving. Oh, how strong and powerful, how generous and magnanimous is Thy love!

From the day of Thy Incarnation, Thy love never ceased to urge Thee irresistibly toward the hour in which it was to be consummated with such violence, such impetuosity as to cause Thee agony. It increased daily, hourly. It was excited by its own works, its sacrifices, and even its very excess. Contradictions, resistance, and hatred only redoubled it. Who can say what it is now at the hour of its consummation? If the mountains on the face of the earth were to pile their enormous masses one upon the other, they would afford not even an idea.

of the weight of love that oppresses Thee upon the Cross! If upon the whole surface of the globe, the forest trees should burn together in one immense conflagration, their flames would be but a feeble vapor compared with the furnace of love that devoured Thy heart in those last moments! If all the seas and all the rivers, mingling their waves, should form one immense and impetuous torrent, it would be but a drop of dew compared with the ocean, before the unfathomable depths of love which heave, which break through their dikes, and pour themselves out through Thy Wounds with the last drops of Thy Blood!

Jesus, I bless, I praise, I thank, in the astonishment and amazement of the most profound gratitude, the love of Thy last moments on the Cross. With heartfelt emotion I bless all its pulsations, its throbs, its desires, its ardor, its tenderness, and anguish!

I bless every instant of Thy agony, since each held more love than the choirs of the cherubim and seraphim have produced since their creation!

I bless every throb of Thy Heart, because in each of Its mighty pulsations is centred the love of Thy life, renewed and redoubled for me!

I bless every one of Thy sighs, because

each exhales an excess of love, of mercy, and of pardon!

I bless each of the supreme sufferings of those last three hours : those of Thy soul, abandoned by Thy well beloved Father, and plunged into the most bitter sadness; those of Thy Heart, betrayed by Thy dearest friends, and so cruelly tortured by the martyrdom of Mary, Thy Mother; those of Thy head, transpierced on all sides by the thorny crown; those of Thy hands and Thy feet, pierced by the nails; those of Thy whole body, distended, dislocated, torn and bloody, hanging upon the Cross in the intolerable position of crucifixion. Jesus, Jesus, Sacred Victim, Immolated Lamb, I bless all Thy pains, all Thy sufferings upon the Cross! Thy love yearned for them and suffered them with joy, because they expiate my sins and procure me life.

I bless also from the bottom of my heart, all the drops of Thy Blood, and I offer for them all the love, all the compassion, all the gratitude of which I am capable. I watch them trickling down, I count them, one by one : drops of Blood from the forehead, from the eyes, from the cheeks of my Saviour : drops of Blood from His shoulders and His breast: drops of Blood from His hands and His feet, from

the thousand open sources in His sacred body — I bless you, I love you, I love you! Ye are the love of my Jesus, ye are the salvation of my soul, ye are the glory of the Father and the satisfaction of His justice, the redemption of the world, the joy of the angels, and the hope of the souls detained in limbo!

Above all, I bless you, O drops of Blood more precious, if that could be, drops surely more marvelous, sweeter and more lovable, which gushed directly from His Heart under the thrust of the lance, and which come forth to say to me in eloquent words that all is consummated, that His love can go no further, and that His Heart has emptied Itself in loving — I bless you, I adore you, and I love you!

And Thy words, O Jesus, Thy words upon the Cross, the last will of a Father, the last accents of the Word, the last lessons of the Teacher of truth, how listen to them without blessing them! And where find words of thanksgiving worthy of the love that they reveal in Thy Heart and diffuse over us!

I hearken to them, and I desire to gather them up piously, to taste them, to nourish my soul with them that I may comprehend Thy love at the hour of Thy death!

Oh, word of love generous and sublime:
 " Father, forgive them, for they know not
 what they do! "

Oh, word of amazing mercy which causes
 grace to superabound where sin had abounded:
 " This day thou shalt be with Me
 in Paradise! "

Oh, word of ineffable foresight for human-
 ity : " Woman, behold thy Son! Son, be-
 hold thy Mother! "

Oh, word of ardent love for my soul, of
 insatiable desire for my love and for my
 salvation: " I thirst! "

Oh, word full of condescending love for
 the excess of our sorrows, our abandonment,
 and our desolation : " My God, My God,
 why hast Thou forsaken me? "

Oh, word of lasting resignation, bearing
 with it peace and loving submission: " Father,
 into Thy hands I commend My spirit! "

Oh, word of love at last accomplished,
 springing from the depths of Thy Heart
 and voicing the last breath of Thy life :
 " All is consummated! "

All is consummated! O Adorable Victim,
 is that, indeed, true? Love is strong as
 death—ah, in Thee it is stronger than
 death!

Ah, behold! taking a fresh course, en-
 kindling its flames, and stretching forward

anew, Thy love commences again to make Thee die! See how it extends Calvary even to the ends of the earth, how it realizes in duration Thy death and Thy consummation! Behold Thy Blood flowing on thousands of altars, Thy love breathing in millions of Hosts, in prayers, in desires, in patience, in humiliations, in sacrifices, and in endless immolation! If I hearken, I hear issuing from all those Hosts the words of goodness, of pardon, and of resignation which resounded on Calvary. And, behold, piercing the veils that conceal Thee, and showing Thy burning Heart, Thou dost exclaim: "I thirst ardently to be loved by men in the Most Blessed Sacrament! " *

O Jesus, crucified by love on Calvary, and immolated on the altar, be Thou forever blessed, praised, loved, and exalted!

* Words of Our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary.

III. REPARATION

MARY AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS

Stabat mater ejus juxta crucem.

" His mother stood near the cross. " (JOHN XIX, 25.)

MARY at the foot of the Cross idealizes the duties of love, compassion, and reparation, which Jesus dying on Calvary, and Jesus on the altar, claims from us. If we wish to compassionate the Victim of of the tabernacle, console His Eucharistic abandonment, and faithfully participate in His Passion, we must comprehend the mystery of Mary's compassion.

He who does not comprehend Jesus' sufferings who does not compassionate them, does not deserve the name of Christian. He is ignorant of the very A B C of piety. It is impossible for him to conceive a true horror of sin. The love of God will never be enkindled in his heart. He will suffer life's ills without consolation, without support, and without fruit. Grant us then, O loving Mother, a share in thy sentiments that like thee we may henceforth know how to console, to make reparation, and to compassionate: *Sancta Mater istud agas, Crucifixi fige plagas cordi meo valide!*

Mary stands at the foot of the Cross for Jesus and for us : for Jesus, in order to console Him and to offer to Him her compassionate reparation at the very moment of His agony; for us, to co-operate by her sufferings in our redemption.

O adorable Master, Thou who didst d'spose all things in harmony, Thou didst say : " It is not well for man to be alone. Let us make him a companion like unto himself " — and, new Adam, Thou didst take in the Immaculate Eve a companion like unto Thyself, to share all Thy labors, and that companion is Thy Mother. As in all Thy other works, her place is on Calvary, where she too has a task to fulfil. To die, Thou hast need of Mary, as Thou didst have need of her to be born in Bethlehem, to grow in " wisdom and grace " at Nazareth, and at Canà to unbind the miraculous power of Thy arm.

Thou didst will her positive co-operation in the great work Thou wast accomplishing. As she had a real and necessary participation in Thy Incarnation, the beginning of our restoration, so, too, was she to share in Thy death which accomplished it. Although Thy sufferings were superabundantly sufficient to redeem the world, and even thousands of worlds, Thou didst will to supplement them by those of Mary. Thou didst will

that her sorrows should as it were, " fill up what might be wanting in Thine." Thou wouldst not redeem us without her co-operation that we might be indebted to her as well as to Thyself for our salvation, and that as we salute Thee by the title of Redeemer so we may hail her as the Redemptrix of mankind.

For that end Thou didst give her an immense capacity for suffering: a body extremely delicate, a soul perfectly pure, a heart exquisitely sensitive and above all, a love for Thyself so powerful, so penetrating and so tender, so self-sacrificing and so devoted, that it united her in the closest union to all Thy thoughts, desires, and works, consequently to all Thy agony, to all Thy mental anguish and physical suffering. Mary lived in Thee, and Thou didst live in her. Apart from the transcendent union by which the Father is in the Son and the Son in the Father, no union can be conceived more intimate, more perfect, more entire, and more substantial than that which unites Jesus to Mary and Mary to Jesus.

How was it, O courageous Saviour, when Thou didst enter upon the high sea of Thy Passion, when the terrible tempest of its torments, its bitterness, its ignominy, raised by our sins and unchained by the irritated

justice of Thy Father, burst upon Thee, that Thou wast not submerged? The love of Mary bore it with Thee. She followed Thee into the abyss, she descended into it with Thee, she was engulfed therein with Thee. Her soul, which was thrown entirely into her love, embraced Thee, held Thee fast. Thou wast not alone in Thy suffering, O Jesus! Thou didst suffer, and Thy Mother suffered with Thee. Thou didst agonize, Thou didst die, while she underwent in her heart the same sufferings, while she died in her heart of the same love as Thou didst.

Oh, the sublime mystery of Mary's compassion! What treasures of merit acquired for the world! What treasures of consolation poured into the Heart of Jesus!

What intense, penetrating, and active reparation following each injury, step by step, and compensating for it at once by perfect homage! Did the executioners blaspheme? Mary adored. Did they hate? She loved. Did they strike? She presented her heart to receive the blows. Did they put her Jesus to death? She offered her own life to repair their crime.

The anguish of her compassion was so real, so profound, so poignant that, as Thou knowest well, O Jesus, without a special

assistance of Thy power which sustained her she would have died twenty times under the pressure of her grief, the rebound of Thine own!

Such was Mary's compassion. In weighing it well, we find that its constitutive elements are purity, sight, suffering, and love: *purity*, for Jesus never would have associated to the repairing of the crimes that caused His Passion, a soul enslaved by Satan and which had not completely vanquished sin in self; *sight*, both of the body and of the soul, the sight of the eyes and the sight of the heart, which penetrated into the sufferings of the Divine Victim to sound their depth, their extent, and their cause; *suffering*, for the compassion that affects only the imagination and expresses itself only by words, does not deserve that august name, and moreover would be injurious to the Saviour whose own sufferings are so real and who wishes us to share them; *love* in fine, for compassion is only love, in all that it holds most noble, most pure, and most powerful. It is love forgetful of self, sacrificing its own happiness, devoting itself so entirely that it looks upon Jesus sorrows and humiliations as its own, and feels their cruelty as if offered to itself.

O Mary, Consoler of the Afflicted, thou didst so admirably console the First of all the afflicted! Queen of Martyrs, Mother of Sorrows, Compassionate Virgin, by thy tears and sufferings, by thy purity and love, by thy ineffable compassion, teach us also to compassionate! Calvary is always surmounted by the Cross that bears thy well-beloved Son. Behold all the tabernacles over the whole world! It is our mission to take thy place at the foot of this cross. Grant us a share in thy zeal for purity, in thy assiduity in keeping close to the Divine Victim in order to comprehend His mysterious sufferings and the blows that He receives from all sides. Give us a share in thy invincible courage to suffer in order to fill up His Passion in our own members. Above all, grant us a share in thy love, ah, yes, in thy love! If we possess that, it will render us pure, clear-sighted, and generous in suffering. It will make us live habitually in the humiliation and annihilation of the Eucharist, in which state we should persevere in order to repair and compassionate as thou didst even to the end amid the awful gloom of Calvary, O Mother sublime, O Virgin heroic!

IV. PETITION

DEATH TO SIN AND TO SELF

Pro omnibus mortuus est Christus, ut et qui vivunt, jam non sibi vivant, sed ei qui pro ipsis mortuus est.

"Christ died for all, that they who live may not now live to themselves, but to Him who died for them." — (II. COR. V, 15.)



HE fruit of this mystery is death to sin and to self, that is, horror of sin and war against evil desires. It was sin that put Jesus to death. It was the guilty enjoyment of sin that condemned Him to the cruel death of the Cross. Ask Jesus by His death for the true dispositions that we ought to have toward sin. Do you detest it in whatever shape it comes, little or great, venial or mortal, personal or another's? Do you feel for it horror as being the torment, the punishment, yea, even the death of Him who is more to you than any friend, more than a brother, more than a father, more than a mother,—Jesus, the chosen among thousands? Ask for the grace of contrition, and let it bruise your soul as the nails bruised the hands and feet of

Jesus. Say to yourself that you are Jesus' executioner, yes, you yourself! Convince yourself of this truth, and hang your head—you are a deicide!

Alas! instead of feeling horror for sin, we love it, not precisely sin itself, perhaps, but its seductive occasions and its allurements. The abyss? Oh, no! But the flowers that fringe its edges, and the enchanting road that leads to it. We long for the satisfaction, the pleasure of the sin, though not for the sin itself. Oh, error, illusion! That would be to sport with the crucifixion, the death of Jesus! What a cruel and senseless game!

"Cease your barbarous sport," does Mary cry to us, Mary, the Mother of the innocent Victim. "Have pity on my Son. Is it not enough that He died once for your love?"

Let us then beg the Mother of Sorrows and the Son who gives us His crucified Flesh in the Eucharistic Banquet, to inspire us with sincere, absolute, watchful, and unchanging horror for sin and all that leads to it. Let us share in the horror that the holy Soul of Jesus in the Host feels for it, and may this Sacrament, which recalls to us His death, repeat to us incessantly that sin was its cause!

Horror for sin ought to lead us to war

against sin, which must be pursued into its first causes and principles. To combat sin is of no avail if we do not attack its source; and the source of sin is concupiscence, the old Adam, our whole being infested by evil. Now concupiscence finds its deepest seat in pride.

Pride forms part of every sin. If it is not the formal object, it is the principle, the root, the nerve, the nourishment. It is as it were a sort of germ, and it is found in the heart of every evil. Happy is he who not content with cutting away the branches and repressing isolated acts, puts the axe to the trunk of the tree and tears up the root of the evil.

Pride in its broadest acceptance, is the assertion of man's rights, the rights of his mind, of his heart, of his works to the detriment of the rights of God. But humility is simply the gift, the surrender, the submission of the whole being, of all its powers and possessions to God, to His dominion and will. To give one's self to the struggle for humility is then to prepare the way for God's complete victory over us; it is the death of our own fallen nature, and the life of God in us. Let us implore this grace through the death of Jesus.

To secure its development in our soul, let us ask for the love of the hidden life, the life forgotten and neglected by men. Let us ask sufficient love of God annihilated in the tomb and in the Host, to allow ourselves to be buried in the earth of failure, impotence, and forgetfulness; sufficient love, confiding in Him alone, willing to behold, if it so please Him, our projects, our efforts, our works fall to the ground; sufficient love, in fine, to believe in Him, to hope in Him, and to love Him, even in the death of doubt and despair, even in the abandonment and disesteem of those we hold most dear!

Let us ask this grace of graces, this grace of true sanctity from the Victim, whom the love of humility has placed in the state of the dying and the dead, the buried and annihilated. May it extend over us the winding-sheet of His silence so unbroken, of His abandonment so resigned, making us die to every emotion of pride, in order to live hidden in it with Jesus!

GLORIOUS MYSTERIES

Rev. G. L. Sturges



The Resurrection of Our Lord

I. ADORATION

THE VICTORY

Tertia die resurrexit a mortuis.
 "On the third day, He arose
 from the dead (*Nicene Creed.*)

ADORE with Mary, the happy Mother
 with Magdalen, the holy women and
 the Apostles. Adore in joy and gladness.
 Salute with the *alleluia* of perfect praise
 Christ risen, Christ living, glorious, immortal,
 present under the veils of the Sacred Host.
 Lord, Thou hast suffered enough, hast been
 humbled enough, and the stone of the
 sepulchre was sealed upon Thy ignominy
 and death. It is time that Thou shouldst
 take Thy revenge!

It is the morning of the third day. While His holy Soul is making the rounds of limbo, which He fills with consolation and hope, the angels hasten, joyous and eager, to gather up in golden vases the drops of Blood that Jesus shed in His Passion. They are all there, guarded by the Divinity of the Word, which was separated from them for not one moment. They are mingled with the damp earth of the grotto, they adhere to the flagstones and the walls of the prætorium, to the rods, to the crown of thorns, to the nails, and to the wood of the Cross. The angelic spirits adore them profoundly and gather them up piously, as also the shreds of flesh that had been torn from the Saviour by the violence of the flagellation. Then they carry them to the tomb, which was now to become the scene of a work of divine omnipotence.

The infinite power, residing personally in the Body of the Saviour, reunites and joins together all those venerable morsels of His flesh and drops of His Blood, and lo! at a sign of His will and a movement of that almighty power, the Word has reunited His soul and body. His Heart begins to pulsate, driving the blood, glad and sparkling, into the arteries. His cheeks glow, His eyes open. He casts aside the funereal bands,

and passes through the sealed stone of the tomb. The prodigy of the Resurrection is accomplished. Christ is born to glory. The prophecies are fulfilled. Adore, salute, celebrate this moment of ineffable grandeur, of solemn power, of incomprehensible happiness!

Adore Jesus' blessed soul and body at this instant of their second union:—the soul of Jesus, which found again its servant devoted, heroic, docile to all its designs, and which, in restoring its life, is so happy to render it glorious, luminous, impassible, and immortal!—the body of Jesus, which recovers that soul for which it had been created, from which it drew its unique perfections, and in union with which it had labored so generously at the great work of the Father!

Adore in the Sacred Host, the Christ whom Its transparent veils again conceal in the life, the joy, the glory of His Resurrection. Since that glad hour, He can die no more. It is His Body glorified, His Flesh immortal, His Blood incorruptible, His Humanity resuscitated that live in the Sacrament.

Adore therein and hail the Living One, the Immortal One, the Victor, the Conqueror, —*Rabboni*, my master!—*Dominus meus et*

Deus meus,—my Lord and my God!—*Dominus est*, it is He, it is the Lord!

Sing to Him a new canticle, the canticle of glory, praise, adoration, and love : *Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !*

II. THANKSGIVING

ALLELUIA

Gavisi sunt ergo discipuli viso Domino.

" The disciples, therefore, were glad when they saw the Lord. "

(JOHN XX, 20).

A LLELUIA! Thanksgiving sprang from the tomb of Christ as He Himself came forth. It glittered with the splendor of His body, it rippled in His soul like a laughing rivulet, it overflowed in the joy that He spread around Him, and with which He inundated the hearts of all to whom He manifested Himself.

Enter into the joy of the Resurrection. Gather it up and offer it to Him, first to Him. Thank Him, not yet for the great advantages that you will draw from His Resurrection, but first of all for Himself

and for the joy, the glory, and the triumph that He derives from it. Felicitate His body, His soul, His Heart, on the magnificent compensation of this hour of justice.

Recall the condition of His body during the Passion and on Calvary, —torn, livid, unrecognizable! Now behold it full of life, glorious, incapable of further suffering or dying!—Christ immortal, *alleluia!*

His Heart and His soul during the Passion, but above all in His double agony in Gethsemani and upon the Cross, were sad and desolate, plunged in bitterness, horror, and shame. Behold them now inundated with peace, happiness, and joy, secure against fear, sadness, and inquietude.—Christ blessed, *alleluia!*

Recall the humiliation, the affronts that He endured. He was in the power of His enemies, He submitted to chains, He was delivered to the caprice of the rabble. Pilate, the priests, the executioners, Satan, sin, death — all had power over Him, all domineered over Him, all crushed Him ignominiously. Salute Him, felicitate Him now delivered from that servitude, the Conqueror of Satan, death, sin, and all His enemies. Christ the Victor, immortal King of ages, *alleluia!*

Thank Jesus for the joy that His Resurrection gave to Mary.

Mother of Sorrows, desolate Mother—thou who didst mourn thy only Son with tears more bitter than the waters of the sea! Thou who didst see Him wounded, disfigured, covered with blood, consumed with thirst, overwhelmed with fatigue, fainting from weakness—oh, what a load of suffering for a mother! to be able to offer Him neither a drop of water, nor the support of thy arm, nor a word of comfort! Rejoice now, O Mother, thrill with gladness, for He has risen as He said. Receive His filial kisses, cover His resplendent face with thy maternal caresses. Oh, see how beautiful He is! more beautiful than at Bethlehem! Oh, too happy Mother! And henceforth He will suffer no more! Rejoice in His conversation, accept the compensation that His burning Heart offers thee. Let the measure, of thy happiness be that of thy sorrow: *Alleluia! Alleluia!*

Thank Jesus for the joy that His Resurrection brought to Magdalen, to the holy women, to the Apostles. Come, Peter, quit the seclusion in which thou dost weep thy sad apostasy. Behold thy well-beloved Master! Thou wilt recognize Him now, and thou wilt be ready to die in confessing Him.

Receive His forgiveness with the kiss of reconciliation. See how sweet and kind are His eyes which smote thy soul in its sin. Enter His Heart, and assure thyself of the sincerity of His pardon and forgetfulness of the injury thou didst Him. Tell Him that thou dost love Him. Tell Him over and over that thou dost love Him. Say again : " Lord, Thou knowest all things. Thou knowest that I love Thee ! " O Jesus, how kind Thou wast to St. Peter in Thy Resurrection ! *Alleluia !*

Thank Him again for the other Apostles, for John, for Thomas, for the eleven, for the five hundred disciples of Galilee. How good Jesus is toward all ! What joy He brings ! What happiness He spreads around, making hearts to thrill and lips to sing ! *Alleluia ! Alleluia !*

And we, we too, have our great share in these joys, for it was for us and for our benefit that He came forth glorious from the tomb.

He arose in order to return and remain forever with us in the Eucharist. He pledged Himself to rise again by instituting the Sacrament of His perpetual Presence here below. Now, behold Him ! We shall not be orphans, the Church will not be widowed. The world will have a Leader, a Pastor,

a King. Christ has risen that He may live again amongst us in the Eucharist. *Alleluia!*

He arose in order to acquire for us definitely all the graces of His life and of His death, to secure to us all His works, and to gather for us all their fruits. Had death retained Him in its icy bonds, all that life of prayer, of preaching, and good works, of labor, and suffering would have been useless. But He arose. All lives again, and we are sure of the treasures of our salvation. *Alleluia!*

He arose in order to merit for us the true life of our soul, holy, supernatural, and eternal, and to merit for our body the final resurrection, which will introduce us to heaven, there to taste with Him the joys of His victory which is the price of our own. We shall arise in Him, with Him, and by virtue of His own Resurrection. He is the First-Born whom all His brethren ought to resemble. He is the Head, in whose perfect and immortal life all the members ought to share. *Alleluia!*

Living and glorious Host! Host resuscitated and immortal! Pledge, Witness, and Guarantee of the victory of Jesus! Host teeming with riches and ever acting! Thou who dost assure to me, communicate to me all the graces and virtues of the Resurrection

— in spite of Thy silence, Thy obscurity, Thy apparent inaction, to Thee I offer the *Alleluia* of the angels, the *Alleluia* of Mary, the *Alleluia* of Peter and the Apostles, the *Alleluia* of Magdalen and the holy women — to Thee the *Alleluia* of all that live upon this earth by virtue of the Resurrection. *Alleluia! Alleluia!*

III. REPARATION

IF THE GRAIN DIE NOT

Nonne hæc oportuit pati Christum, et ita intrare in gloriam suam?

"Ought not Christ to suffer these things, and so to enter into His glory?" (LUKE XXIV, 26).

DEATH is the price of life. That is the clearest lesson given us by Jesus' Resurrection. He acquired the victory, the glory, the joy of His Resurrection only at the cost of His death. This we are taught not only by the fact itself, but by the formal words of the Saviour.

Six times during His life Jesus had occasion to predict His Resurrection, and each time He pointed to His death as the condition, the price, and the means. And it

was not to be any death whatever, but one preceded by outrage, humiliation, scourging, iniquitous accusations, and condemnation still more iniquitous.

And hardly was He risen when He revived the wavering and scandalized faith of the disciples of Emmaus by these strong words: " O foolish and slow of heart to believe, . . . ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and so to enter into His glory? "

All these things, that is, personal dishonor, for they condemn Him as a seducer, a blasphemer, a rebel, and a fool; the ruin of His work, for His disciples are dispersed, one of His Apostles betrays Him, the future Head of His Church denies Him, and the cornerstone of His edifice is shaken and cast to the earth. Lastly, came death, a death of ignominy, followed by the sepulchre, sealed and guarded by His enemies. Ah! see all that Christ had to suffer without being able to retrench anything, not one agony, not one humiliation, in order to acquire the glory of His Resurrection. It was then a law, a necessity, a principle for Jesus to suffer " those things. " If for Him, then for us also, who are His members, and for all the works that ought to live of His life.

To die and to be buried! To die a death so much the more abject and sorrowful, to

be buried in decomposition so much the more complete, more horrible, and more prolonged, as the life to which we aspire is to be more fruitful and more glorious — such is the law of our life: “ Unless the grain of wheat “falling into the ground die, itself remaineth alone. But if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. ”

It is for us as for Thee, O Jesus! We must endure the triple death of contempt, ruin, suffering, and blood. The Church, Catholic institutions, souls who wish to sanctify themselves — at what price do they live, excepting at the price of death under all these aspects? Is not the Church always pursued by persecutions? Are not Catholic institutions founded in the midst of difficulties that daily threaten them with ruin? Do souls sanctify themselves otherwise than by submitting to contempt and calumny from without, humiliations and desolations, ruin and failure from within?

And as life in us can be no other than a partial and borrowed one, not complete and perfect as in Jesus, who died but once in order to acquire at one single stroke life in all its fulness and immortality, it follows that we must constantly undergo a new death, in order to gain one after the other the elements of our life. For every success, we

must confront some failure; for every truce, a battle; for every grace, a sacrifice; for every joy, a sorrow; for every new degree in the spiritual life, a humiliation more profound.

And so the Christian life goes on, a perpetual dying and a perpetual living, a rising from the tomb in the morning and a re-entering it in the evening. The balance ceases not to rise and to fall until the day on which by a holy death life will be unchangeably fixed in the glory of beatitude. But when that hour of consummation is about to strike, oh, what increase of suffering, of humiliation, yea, even of death itself.

So too with the Church, triumphing in one quarter, yielding a little in a country that she is winning to the Faith or with which she is making a treaty of peace, banished from another, enslaved in another.

It is the same with Catholic institutions. Their success is balanced by non-success, their prosperity by adversity, their glory by humiliation.

Thus it is with every work, general or individual, every great enterprise in the Church, even the simplest acts of virtue in the Christian soul — all that is destined to live, must be buried in the earth with Thee,

O Jesus, must be despoiled, must perish, must endure the frosts and snows of long winters, be covered up and lost in the dust.

But let us not be discouraged! Of us, as of Thee, O adorable Chief, of all that is good and holy coming from Thee, it has been said: "Thou wilt not give Thy Holy One to see corruption." And remember that He who covers the desolate earth with ice, is preparing it for the vegetation of springtime, for the budding and expansion of life, light, and joy!

Winter is already over, and in the tomb itself life is being prepared, it is stirring, it is about to burst forth. One ray of sunshine, one warm breath of the passing breeze, and it will rise in all its brilliancy.

While awaiting that blessed moment, what is necessary to support that dying life, that blighting winter? Faith, faith, steady, resolute, which believes without doubting that He who raised Jesus from the tomb knows how to draw good from evil, peace from war, esteem from contempt, glory from humiliation, victory from defeat, life, yes, life itself, from death!

Art not Thou the proof and the pledge, the assurance and the means, O Thou Divine Host, who art at one and the same time so dead and so living (if we may say so);

who dost give to souls eternal life by Thy death itself, who dost sustain and sanctify the Church by Thy own weakness, by Thy own annihilation?

With Thee and in Thee do we wish to die in order to live, to be buried in order to rise again!

IV. PETITION

THE NEW LIFE

Quomodo Christus resurrexit a mortuis, ita et nos in novitate vitæ ambulemus.

"That as Christ is risen from the dead, so we, also, may walk in newness of life." (ROM. VI, 4.)

THE Resurrection is a mystery of life, of life full, overflowing, and triumphant; consequently it ought to communicate to our soul a grace of life. It is characteristic of all Thy mysteries, O Jesus, to be the sources of holiness as well as of the truths of Faith. They are our example and the reservoir of salutary help, of powerful and energetic virtue. Each produces a grace, or rather an order of special

graces, in harmony with the incident of Thy sacred life that it recalls.

As Thy Incarnation, being the annihilation of the Word, produces humility in the soul that unites itself thereto by meditation, love, and the receiving of the Host in which is applied to us the grace of all Thy mysteries, so the Resurrection, being our new and glorious life, will produce in us the new life, the supernatural life, the eternal life. This is the teaching of the Apostle: "Christ having risen, we too must walk in newness of life."

But what is this new life that we ought to draw from the glorious cavern of Thy tomb, gather from the blossoming tree of Thy Resurrection, receive as Thy gift of joyous triumph, and which from Thee, O unique Chief, is going to be spread among all those that have the honor of being Thy members?

St. Paul defines it in two words: "Christ rising from the dead, dieth now no more. . . . So do you also reckon that you are dead to sin, but alive unto Christ," *Mortuos quidem peccato, viventes autem Deo*. The grace of the Resurrection is then first, life freed from sin, delivered from sin, life apart and above sin. It is again, life in God, life given, consecrated, devoted, at-

tached to God, life taking its principle from Him, flowing in Him, and terminating in Him.

The life of God Himself in a Christian is a truth. The essential foundation, the first condition for it, is the state of grace, freedom from mortal sin, that is God Himself purifying the soul by His presence. Its moving principle also is God, the will, the order, and the judgment of God, which He manifests to us by His appointed organs and His consecrated representatives, or by the interior inspirations of His grace, or lastly, by the events of His providence that befall us. The centre, the sphere, the field of action in which this life flows, acts, develops, and produces its fruits, is again God, the bosom of God, the Heart of Jesus, in which it dwells by love and the works of God, by the interests of Jesus, which it serves and defends for His love. Its term, in fine, the end that it proposes to itself, is always God, His glory, His honor, His good pleasure, the satisfaction of His justice, the completion of His work. Such is the new life that flows to us from the Resurrection of Jesus.

Grant us the grace of it, O glorious Living One! Grant that we may live it at any cost!

But by what channels is the resuscitated life of Jesus communicated to us? Partly, by all the Sacraments. By Baptism and Penance, for instance, which snatch the soul from death in order to restore it to life by virtue of the Resurrection of Jesus. But the adequate means, the channel of life to the open sea, is the Sacrament which Thou, O Divine Head, hast Thyself so appropriately called the Sacrament of Life, the Living Bread, the Bread of Eternal Life, the Bread that puts death to flight, the Bread of the final resurrection, the Bread that here below makes the soul live of God, in God, and for God, as Thou, O Jesus, dost Thyself live in Thy Father! It is because Thou dost give us therein Thy living Humanity, Thy resuscitated Body, Thy glorified Flesh. Is it not then reasonable that this Sacrament should produce in our soul life, the life of the Resurrection? If we receive It well and often, knowing how to penetrate beyond the veils of the Sacrament in order to imbibe the sweet and vivifying essence that It contains, our soul will share in the glorious prerogatives of the Resurrection of Jesus.

Thy resuscitated Flesh, O Jesus, is immortal and incorruptible. Well received frequently received, It will make us die to

sin, It will inspire us with an instinctive horror for it, It will by degrees dry up in us the sources of evil inclinations, and It will give us the strength to persevere in good, persevere *in the life* to the end.

Thy Flesh, O Jesus, participating in the subtlety of spirits, is as it were spiritualized, having no longer any earthly necessity to satisfy. If I feed on It faithfully, It will give me ardor, activity, facility for good; It will deliver me from the bonds of old habits; It will lighten the weight of my corrupt nature which crushes the spirit; It will habituate me to live by the spirit on high above the desires and the miseries of this earth!

Thy Flesh, O Jesus, is luminous and resplendent, and it is only by a miracle that Its splendor does not shine forth! If I know how to unite myself to It in Holy Communion, It will enlighten my soul, render clear my inward eye, communicate uprightness to my judgment and purity to my intentions. It will help me to study and comprehend God in prayer, discover Him in the creatures around me, in my daily happenings, and in all things. The eye of my soul being purified and enlightened, my whole being will live in Thy light, O luminous Host, Ray of the Eternal Sun!

O resuscitated Victim, Sacrament of the Pasch, Bread of Eternal Life, grant that I may die to sin and live to Thee, to Thy love, in Thy service!

Extend Thy vivifying action, pour life:

Throughout Thy Church, by granting her victory over her enemies, and the freedom of her ministry wherever she is now shackled and under subjection;

Upon Thy immortal Vicar, by restoring to him his kingdom and full liberty.

I ask Thee, above all, for the resurrection of all sinners plunged in that guilty death which, very far from preparing for them life, is but the beginning of eternal death. I ask it especially for those young people, for those children so dearly loved, whom passion, sin, incredulity, pride, have buried in corruption so revolting. O Christ, Thou who didst raise to life the son of the bereaved widow! O Christ, Thou who didst restore Thyself to Thy Mother! restore those dear children to the tears, to the grief, to the prayers of their mothers, by leading them back to the Faith, to purity, to humility! I beg this favor of Thee, most merciful Jesus, through Thy Heart as the Son of Mary!



The Ascension

I. ADORATION

THE TRIUMPH

*Christum Dominum ascendentem
in cælum, venite adoremus.*

"Come, let us adore Christ
Our Lord ascending into heaven."
(*Rom. brev.*)

HE Host of the Ascension is the Host of triumph. What the Resurrection established, the Ascension crowns. What is begun in the one is ended in the other. It is the full meridian of Jesus' glory whose aurora arose above His tomb.

Adore Jesus at the hour of His glorious Ascension. Rising by His own power, after

blessing His disciples for the last time, He traverses the regions of the air which He sanctifies by His presence. Angels in garments white and shining hover on either side of the aerial road, while myriads of the purest and most elevated of the blessed spirits form before and behind Him a splendid cortege. It is their King whom they are receiving. He is returning from a far off and perilous expedition in which He has covered Himself with glory, though at the cost of incredible hardships. Hark! they chant pæans of victory, recompense, and triumph.

Around the chariot of resplendent clouds upon which Jesus is majestically rising, press the souls of the prophets, the patriarchs and the just whom He has delivered from limbo. The nearest to the Lord is St. Joseph, probably in body and soul; then come Adam and Eve in the joy of their long expiation humbly accepted, courageously borne, crowned to-day by this magnificent triumph.

Heaven's portals are thrown open, the King of glory enters. He mounts His throne of gold at the right hand of the Father. After welcoming and felicitating Him in a manner so ineffable and transcendent that human intelligence can form no idea of

it, the Father places upon His head the crown of royalty, in His hand the sceptre of sovereign authority and universal jurisdiction. Jesus is henceforth constituted absolutely, perfectly, actually, as Man, as King of heaven and earth, the Judge of the living and the dead, the Head of the whole Church, triumphant, militant, and suffering.

O Host annihilated, in which truly resides the august Head of heaven and earth, when I desire to adore in Thee His celestial royalty, in Thee, the Living Memorial of all those mysteries, how beautiful Thou art, how resplendent, how glorious and triumphant.

Thou dost contain in reality the Christ crowned and reigning. The words that consecrated Thee reached Him even upon His high throne, brought Him down upon the altar under the obscure veil of Thy accidents, and Thou hast become His throne of love here below.

Thou dost contain His Body glorious and immortal as It is in heaven. But His love wishes that Thou shouldst hide It, lest the splendor of His glory blind us, and the weight of His majesty crush us.

In resuming under Thy veils a state of annihilation which subjects Him to unnum-

bered humiliations, but which satisfies His love, because it continues the work of my Redemption, He loses nothing of His rights. There as in heaven, in the bosom of this Host which binds Him in the chains of weakness and humility, He is still the King of angels and of men, the Head of the Church angelic and terrestrial, the unique Principle of all grace and life.

I adore Thee, O Host of the triumph of Jesus! In Thee I adore His glory and His rights. In union with the "ten thousand times a hundred thousand" angels, who "with their great voice" salute the King of Glory present in heaven, I sing the King of Love present on the altar.

"The Lamb that was put to death is worthy to receive power and divinity, wisdom, strength, honor, glory, and benediction!"

"To Him that sitteth upon the throne and to the Lamb, benediction, honor, glory, power forever and ever!"

With the four-and-twenty ancients who prostrate at the foot of the throne, whence proceed lightnings and voices and thunders, before which shine the burning lamps and extends the sea of sparkling crystals, I cast, O King of Love, at the foot of Thy Eucharistic throne, whence come forth only good-

ness sweetness, and humility which charm and attract, I cast my heart, my reason, my will, my entire being, to adore Thee as the victorious Lamb, the Prince of the world to come, the immortal Living One of Ages!

II. THANKSGIVING

HEAVEN UPON EARTH

*Expedit vobis ut ego vadam :
vado, et venio ad vos.*

"It is expedient for you that I go: I go, but I will return to you." (JOHN XVI, 7).

THANK God in the Name of Jesus for the glory, the honors, the joys of His triumph. Rejoice that justice has been rendered Him, that bliss has taken the place of suffering, glory of humiliation.

Thank God in the name of the angels, who have found again their King, and whose glory and happiness receive so great an increase by the return of Jesus to His kingdom.

Thank God in your own name, for the glory of Jesus is the pledge, the price, the standard of ours. He has opened for us

the door, prepared for us a place. The members shall enter where the Head has passed, the soldiers shall follow the triumph of their Chief. Thou didst say, O sweet Saviour, and I believe it: "It is expedient for you that I go, because I go to prepare a place for you."

But while waiting, O Saviour of our souls, while waiting our reunion with Thee in heaven, shall we remain orphans on earth? Thou art preparing for me my heaven. But viewed in the light of my own weakness, how far off and how uncertain it is on account of the length of the way and the enemies that incessantly traverse it!

Thou didst say to Thy Apostles: "You are full of sorrow, because I am going away. But I shall return, and your hearts will rejoice." Thy Sacrament proves to me, dearest Lord, that Thou hast returned—returned to help me gain the place Thou hast prepared for me in the heaven of Thy glory, returned to give me a foretaste of the good things with which Thou wilt there satiate me. Yes, Thy Sacrament is at once both the assured means and the foretaste of paradise. O love of the Saviour, wonderfully wise and as wonderfully good, be Thou blessed!

Thou hast indeed formally declared that

the Eucharist is the Bread of heaven; not only the Bread that came down from heaven with Thee, O Word of the Father, but which conducts thereto those that receive It by giving them, along with the right to eternal life, the surest and the easiest means to arrive thereat.

“ Behold the true Bread from heaven! If any man eat of It, he shall not die. He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood, hath everlasting life.” And though he should for a time die to this short life of a day, “ I will raise him up at the last day.” “ Verily, verily, I say unto you, if any man eat of this Bread, he shall live forever.”

He shall live, for this Sacrament is by assimilation the Sacrament of Life. Every time we participate therein we receive a renewal of life. The foundation of the divine life is increased in our soul, the state of grace consolidated, the essential virtues of faith, hope, and charity augmented. It is the special virtues of each one's state rendered more energetic, and the actual grace for their exercise more abundant. The Holy Eucharist makes our soul more susceptible to the ruling influence of the Holy Spirit, gives grace more freedom of action, subdues the flesh, and makes all the faculties more docile

to good. The Holy Eucharist is, in fine, all that goes to make up the spiritual life, the supernatural life, the seed and germ here below of eternal life, which is nourished, strengthened, and developed, and which approaches that maturity it will fully attain under the rays of the Sun of glory.

This initial life of heaven which the Holy Eucharist develops, It also preserves from mortal sin which destroys it, and from venial sin which makes it languish. The essential virtue of that Sacrament is to guard against evil, to protect against Satan, and to render his temptations less violent, less frequent. It makes the soul stronger and more courageous to resist. It diminishes the tendencies to sin, and It cools the fire of corruption, the evil source of concupiscence. If the soul receives It sufficiently often and with proper dispositions, it is shielded from every grave sin, it falls less frequently into venial sin, and it thus arrives safe and sound at that blessed hour in which the life of grace is changed into the life of glory, earth exchanged for heaven.

Still more, the Blessed Sacrament renders the practice of virtue more easy, the yoke of the law less heavy, necessary privations less bitter, struggles against evil less fatiguing. It is refreshment in weariness,

a remedy in discouragement. It is the daily bread, the bread of joy and delight. When we eat It, we rest, we repose, we are steeped in peace wholly celestial which renews the soul. It refreshes like the purest fountain, It strengthens like a generous wine. It is a staff that supports, It is a companion on our journey, a faithful guide. It is the Viaticum of eternal life, and the assured road to heaven, of which It is the foretaste.

Yes, Thy Sacrament, O Christ crowned and blessed, brings heaven to earth. It makes for me a heaven here below, not indeed a paradise of beatitude without alloy, of recompense without end, but a paradise that offers me the first fruits of my future happiness. Thou dost come there to converse with us and sweetly accustom us, by the loving kindness of Thy veiled Presence, to the brilliancy of Thy Presence in glory.

Thou art present in heaven and upon the altar also. It is indeed Thou whom I there adore, O King of Glory, Thou in Person, without substitution, without diminution, without alteration!

In the heaven of glory Thou dost appear before the face of the Father in quality of pontiff and advocate, praying, pleading, in-

terceding for us by Thy inflamed words, Thy Presence, the Wounds of Thy hands and feet, which Thou dost show Him, by the merits and the satisfactions of Thy life and Thy death, all of which Thou dost insist upon.

And in the heaven of the Eucharist Thou art still praying for us, still interceding for us, still pleading for us, still continuing Thy office of Mediator in the name of this earth upon which Thou art still dwelling. Oh, what a prolonged, humble, annihilated prayer, nourished by incomprehensible sacrifices! Thy annihilations themselves are Thy prayer, and Thou dost change the altar into a throne of love and mercy, to which we never approach without receiving grace and opportune help.

In heaven Thou dost give Thyself in plenitude and in every way — by sight, love and possession, by entire communication and perfect penetration. And in the Blessed Sacrament we receive Thee just as entire, and in how many admirable ways! To see Thee, to visit Thee, to pray to Thee—that is already to receive Thee. But we do still more, we eat Thee in very truth. Thou dost become one thing with us, our heart, our will, our thought, our

life! And like heaven, all this is without end—to-day, to-morrow, always!

Lastly, if there are upon this earth joys that we may lawfully crave, whose indulgence wearies not, whose intoxication does not sully; if there are joys pure, chaste, safe, worthy of our soul made to the image of God, and capable of satisfying our hunger for infinite happiness, they are those that Thou dost offer us, O Eucharist, O Bread of Angels, Bread of God, Foretaste of heaven, Ray of its glory, Echo of its festivals, Gleam of its happiness, First Fruits of its everlasting joys!

III. PROPITIATION

THE DUTY OF HOPE

Teneamus spei nostræ confessionem indeclinabilem.

"Let us hold fast the confession of our hope without wavering."

(HEB. X, 23.)



HE duty preached to us by the Saviour's Ascension is that of hope. If Jesus goes to prepare a place for us, if He opens to us the gate of heaven, and if

for that He had to undergo humiliations, sufferings, and death, it is evident that we too must of necessity tend to the same end — follow Him whither He has gone.

But we must bear in mind that we can not reach the victorious end that Jesus reached without following in His footsteps, and doing as He did. It is only through our personal efforts we can gain the recompense that He has acquired for us by His sufferings.

Alas! sad to say, the duty of hope, or rather the multiplied duties that it imposes, are badly comprehended, and still more badly fulfilled! How little are eternal goods esteemed, O Jesus, in comparison with the goods of this world! We do not refuse the former, but we are unwilling to exert ourselves to acquire them. What do I say? For the most trifling gratifications we actually expose ourselves to lose them forever. My God My God! what an insulting response to Thy advances! What ingratitude for Thy gifts! Dost Thou not mistake in proposing heavenly and spiritual goods to hearts so gross as ours, to souls so buried in the flesh that they seem themselves only flesh and corruption? And yet hope is for us an urgent precept. It is a heavenly seed, a precious talent, a gift entirely gratuitous. It is a virtue that must be cultivated, traded with, developed under

pain of seeing it turned against us for our eternal condemnation.

Do we firmly hope for the possession of God, of God in His glory, in His beatitude, known as He knows Himself, possessed as He possesses Himself, loved as He loves Himself? Do we firmly believe that, in order to arrive at this supreme possession which God has prepared for us, He places at our disposal all the helps of grace not only necessary, but abundant — yes, even superabundant? Do we therefore confide in Him? Do we count upon His wisdom, His watchfulness, the strength of His arm in the dark and difficult paths of life?

Do we hope for the graces of God without reserve or condition, that is, without founding our trust upon creatures or upon self, our own lights, our experience, our acquired virtues, our past victories? Certainly, we must energetically co-operate with grace, but we must do so without supporting ourselves thereon, without expecting our success from it, without taking complacency in it. We must rely only upon God, found our hope on Him alone, who alone can give to whatever means we employ their value, their efficacy, and their success.

But while distrustful of self and expecting

all from God, we must actively, diligently, and unremittingly co-operate with grace, courageously clearing the way for it by removing all obstacles to its action, such as sin, worldly bondage, and above all, pride. Since all that we hope for is a gratuitous gift of the Divine Goodness, it is as little as we can do not to displease and not to resist our Divine Benefactor.

Another duty of hope consists in the faithful use of the grace already given us. It should be employed with exact fidelity, courageous, constant, and joyous. The least grace, the smallest supernatural help, having cost Jesus His Blood, with what religious fidelity it ought to be received, guarded, and put to good use! The abuse of grace is the means of closing its channels. It is a fault as insulting to the divine liberality as it is cruel to the Crucified, who acquired it for us at so great a price.

Let us carefully guard against spiritual pride, against that vanity which we take in the gifts of God, in His graces of preference, in the nobility of our vocation, in the sublimity of its functions. If every species of pride is a theft, the latter is a sacrilegious robbery, a crime in the sanctuary; a revolt in paradise, an apostasy in the full noonday. It is the sin of Lucifer. In the presence

of Jesus, of His Life, of His Cross, of His Eucharist, is it not sovereignly odious to behold the creature who is nothing but by the gratuitous gifts of God, raising a throne for himself, and trying to ravish from Him His glory?

Hence hope has need of being humble and of resting upon all the resources that humility provides. It ought to be established on the conviction that God alone has rights, He alone having existence in Himself. The creature, consequently, is nothing, and even when enriched with the most precious gifts, it possesses as its own only its nothingness. In what, then, can it glory? Why, then, that presumption, that pride, that folly so dangerous to the soul and so odious to the Author of all being?

Lastly, it is failing in the duty of hope to give one's self up to discouragement, weariness, and disgust from whatsoever quarter they may come. Being nothingness by our origin, it is not astonishing that we have an innate tendency to falter, to slip, to fall. We may say that weariness is the misfortune of every man here below. Life is so long, the task is so hard, difficulties are so numerous! Obstacles multiply, contradictions arise on all sides. Satan, the flesh, the world, enemies, the dearest friends, they

whom we should have least expected — all have united against us! “ Ah! who will deliver me from this body of death? ” — “ Lord, take my life! I can stand it no longer! ”

Then like Elias, like that prophet so strong, so courageous, that invincible champion of the rights of God, we fall discouraged, weary of life, our heart dead to every hope. Then we doubt everything, and still more God Himself, His power, His wisdom, and His goodness. Oh, sad state whose least evil is its absolute impotence for good! In it the soul is embittered, separated from God, open without resistance to all sorts of evil suggestions, and the demon hastens to seize upon a post no longer fortified by the rampart of hope.

And yet we have no right to doubt Thee, O my God! No, never, under any consideration! Were the sky still more dark, our enemies more implacable, our friends still further removed from us, our temptations more violent, Satan more menacing, Thou Thyself seemingly more deaf to our prayers and more irritated against our faults — as long as Thy Eucharist remains with us, we can not accuse Thee of having abandoned us, and hope has its pledges, its supports, its guarantees.

Thou there in Person, Thou so near to me, Thou mine own, with Thy power and Thy Heart, at the price of so great humiliations and without being constrained thereto by any kind of necessity — is not that a proof that Thou dost love me, that Thou dost watch over me, that Thou art ready to help me, that I may expect everything from Thee? Ah! as long as Thou leavest us the Eucharist on earth, hope will have its Sacrament, doubt its victorious reply, and discouragement its remedy. Whosoever would rise out of his weaknesses, must nourish himself with the Bread of Angels become the Bread of the viator. Let him live with his eyes fixed on the tabernacle, where shines the Star of Hope that never deceives.

IV. PETITION

THE EUCHARISTIC KINGDOM

Adveniat regnum tuum!

"Thy kingdom come!"

(MATT. VI, 10.)



Thy kingdom come! Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven! Yes, O Christ our King, reign here below! Be

Thou obeyed, glorified, honored, and loved here on earth as in heaven! Such is the perfect prayer that Our Lord taught us to make in preference to every other. If it is always well to say it, never is it more opportune than when meditating on the Ascension of Jesus. Since we have beheld with what glory Thou wast received into heaven, O Thou Divine King, what empire Thou dost exercise there, what obedience, what honors are there rendered Thee, we begin to long with immense and ardent desire to see Thy empire accepted, Thy authority recognized here below as in heaven, Thy Sacred Humanity honored and glorified with the same glory that It receives in the triumphant Jerusalem. We long to behold the earth, lovingly docile to Thy will, accomplishing Thy orders in the perfection of obedience; and we earnestly desire that Thy glory, Thy reign, and the good pleasure of Thy will may become the only passion of the soul.

Now if the Christ of heaven comes in the Eucharist to make for us a heaven on this earth and to give us a foretaste of beatitude, ought we not on our side, to endeavor through a principle of justice to restore to Him His glory here below, by rendering to Him as far as we can, the honor

and the obedience that He receives on His eternal throne—to Him, who for love of us comes like a pilgrim over a road that He has already traversed, and again delivers Himself to those humiliations from which He has the right to be forever free?

His extreme love leads Him to abase Himself in unfathomable annihilations, because it is the property of love to lower itself, and excessive love must conduct to excessive abasement. The necessity of trial, the nature of faith, and the conditions of merit oblige Him to veil Himself in order to be recognized only by the free assent of our heart, and not by the terrified constraint the splendor of His majesty would cause. That is well. But all the sacrifices He imposes upon Himself, all the privations to which He voluntarily condemns Himself, ought not to make us forget that He is the King definitively crowned, and that His regal rights to honor and obedience remain indefeasible, and become so much the more worthy of reverence as they are the more exposed for us. What do I say, O Jesus, Thy abasement, Thy weakness ought to render Thy rights all the more sacred!

We forget Him too much. Is it not true, O Divine King, that we are too accustomed to regard Thy gratuitous Gift as a necessity,

Thy benevolent obedience as a right. Thy obscurity as Thy normal state? We neglect too much the grandeur, the majesty, the rights of Thy Personal Presence in the Sacrament. We take from It only the help that Thou dost offer us in It, forgetful of the obligation that we owe to Thee therein. Shall I dare to say that, serving us Thyself, we do not serve Thee as we ought?

It is indeed very true that Thou didst institute the Eucharist to be our Sacrament and Sacrifice, entirely consecrated to our use, and that we correspond to Thy designs by receiving It in Communion, and by participating piously at Its immolation. But the Eucharist is something more. It is the Real Presence of Thy glorified Humanity abiding and living here below. Victim and Food, O Jesus, Thou art therein Christ the King also; and if Thou dost give us in It Thy Humanity to be eaten, Thou dost present It to us also to be honored, recognized, and served. In one word, Thou dost give It to us in order to receive on earth glory analogous to that which It enjoys in heaven. Thou canst not consent to its being otherwise.

St. Paul laid the solid foundation of this law when he said : " Because Christ humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death, even to the death of the Cross, God also has exalted

Him, and given Him a name that is above all other names, that in the Name of Jesus every knee should bow, of those that are in heaven, on earth, and under the earth."

This exaltation of Jesus, which the Doctors call "His divine Headship," was conferred on His Sacred Humanity in recompense for His humiliations and death.

Two supreme prerogatives constitute Jesus' power as Head, namely: first, that His Humanity should be the unique source, the universal cause, and the necessary principle of every gift of grace and glory in heaven and on earth; secondly, that It should be acknowledged interiorly and exteriorly by every creature; interiorly by love, adoration, and obedience; exteriorly, by solemn and public homage.

Wherever, since the day of Thy triumph, Thy Sacred Humanity may be, O King of Love, It must exercise that divine power and receive the honors belonging to It.

Thus it is in heaven. The Saviour is seated on a throne of gold. Splendor environs Him, and the saints proclaim His praises. They obey Him, love Him, surround Him with magnificent worship composed of love, gratitude, adoration, canticles, perfumes, exterior homage. St. John, who saw what honors are rendered in the kingdom

of His glory to the Sacred Humanity of Jesus, recounts it in that most sublime of poems, the Apocalypse.

But though Jesus is upon this earth, does His Humanity cease to be that of the King Triumphant, the Adored Head of the Church? And His divine Headship, ought He not to exercise it and see it recognized?

He *does* exercise it, first, through all the Sacraments, which communicate in part the graces of life of which the Sacred Humanity is the cause; and He does see it recognized, for all the worship of the Church tends to glorify her Divine Head.

Again, by the Eucharist, which is at once the source of all graces and the most powerful means of sanctification, the hidden Humanity of Jesus produces directly grace in souls, as in heaven the Man-God produces glory in the elect. The worship which, honoring Him immediately here below, best recalls His heavenly glory, is the worship of Exposition. There Jesus finds a throne, the splendor of light, the perfume of flowers, the prostration and the chants of heaven. There He is served directly, He is the object of all homage. This worship has no other end than the glorification of His Humanity. May Thy kingdom come then O Jesus, by the spread of Exposition of the

Blessed Sacrament! May it be the triumphant response of the Church to rebellious society, which denies Thy rights and would wish to tear Thee—Thee, our only Lord and King—from the life, the mind, and the heart of the nations!

But that these homages should be perfectly agreeable to Jesus, they must be sustained by interior worship, and He must reign over the soul.

That this reign be accomplished in our soul, it is necessary that Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament be the principle, the aliment, and the end of our Christian life. He must be all this to our soul, not only by a relation indirect, implicit, and remote, but by one formal, immediate, and direct. It is necessary that we should feed on the Holy Communion, and that we should express our thanksgiving by the perfect fulfilment of our duties.

It is necessary that our Christian life should depend upon Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and should be guided by the light of His example and teaching in His Eucharistic state. It is necessary that we should pray, work, and suffer, to acknowledge His Sacramental love, to thank Him for the gift of His Presence, and to rejoice His Sacred Heart. It is necessary that His

Divine Sacrament should be our centre, our dwelling, our all!

May this kingdom of Thy Eucharist come into souls, O Divine Head! Thy interior royalty then responding to Thy exterior empire, Thou wilt truly be King over this earth as Thou art in heaven, and all justice will be accomplished: *Adveniat regnum tuum Eucharisticum!*



Pentecost

I. ADORATION

THE ADORABLE PERSON OF THE HOLY GHOST

*Credo in Spiritum Sanctum,
Dominum et vivificantem, qui ex
Patre Filioque procedit.*

"I believe in the Holy Ghost,
the Lord and Giver of life, who
proceedeth from the Father and
the Son." (Nicene Creed.)

CONTEMPLATE the Adorable Host of the
tabernacle. It is a living Sanctuary,
a living Throne of the Holy Trinity.

Yes because the Word, the second Person
of the Trinity, is there corporally and in-
separably united to the Most Holy Hu-
manity of Jesus, the Host contains the two
other Divine Persons, the Father and the

Holy Ghost. They are present in the Host in the plenitude of their divine life, and they operate therein that sublime and ineffable operation, the procession of the Persons in God. The Father there begets His Word; the Holy Spirit there proceeds from the Father and the Son. It is the sovereignly living, necessary, transcendent, and eternal work. What abundance, what effusion, what an overflowing of life in that Host, which appears so inert, so dead! In It, from the plenitude of complacency that the Father finds in His Word, from the plenitude of complacency that the Word finds in His Father, proceeds the Holy Spirit, the kiss of the Father and the Son, their mutual embrace, the adequate expression of their eternal joy, their mutual infinite love.

Oh, adore the Holy Spirit present in the Sacred Host, perpetually proceeding like a joy, a happiness, a flame of love from the Father and the Son!

Adore Him equal in all things to the Father and the Son, as great, as powerful, eternal, and infinite as They.

Adore Him, the substantial and increated Sanctity of God, the Principle of all created holiness, the Author and Artificer of the mystery of the Incarnation, the Sacrificer

of Jesus in the Redemption, the Inspirer of the Saviour when He instituted the Eucharist, and of all priests when they renew It at the Holy Mass.

Adore Him besides present in the soul of Jesus to sanctify it, diffusing therein all graces, all the gifts of holiness. Adore Him depositing in this soul of Jesus as a first principle in a universal cause, all the graces of sanctification for all mankind, in such a way that it is from it that they receive every grace, every illumination, and every help.

Adore Him, felicitate Him, and praise Him as He deserves. Adore Him so much the more since this august Person, who is Love itself, personal and infinite Love, is ignored, is abandoned by the greater number of Christians.

Throw your whole soul into this sovereign action. Open to Him your heart, abandon yourself to Him that He may rule, inspire, and govern all your thoughts, all your acts, all your life. This is in truth the adoration of the Holy Spirit.

Adore Him in union with Mary, His spouse, with the angels, His ministers, with the saints, His masterpieces, and offer to Him all their praises, all their shouts of joy: *Sanctus! Sanctus! Sanctus!*

II. THANKSGIVING

THE SPIRIT OF LOVE

*Et ego rogabo Patrem, et alium
Paracletum dabit vobis, ut maneat
vobiscum in æternum.*

" And I will ask the Father,
and He shall give you another
Paraclete, that He may abide with
you forever. " (JOHN XIV, 16.)



HANK the Holy Spirit for all that you owe Him in Jesus and in yourself. He is the impersonation of love, divine love, infinite love. All works of love spring from Him. It is He, the transcendent Love, who has attracted the Word to earth and given Him to the world. It is He who has incarnated Him, creating His soul and sanctifying it with power and love unparalleled, in perfection that never will be equalled. It is He who formed His most pure flesh, His most perfect body from the blood that He took from Mary Immaculate. It is He who united that Humanity at the moment of Its creation to the Person of the Word. It is to Him then infinite Love, that we owe Jesus, the Word Incarnate, the Supreme Gift of love. It is He who was the inspirer of all the

thoughts, prayers, sufferings, and works of Jesus; for all in Jesus was love, all came from love, and the Holy Spirit is Love! He dwelt enthroned, He ruled in the Heart of Jesus. Therein He enkindled, He increased incessantly the fire of love, compassion, devotedness, heroism, pardon, mercy, goodness, which from the moment of Its creation never ceased to devour the Divine Heart.

His love took even greater increase during the Passion, and He delivered Jesus to death for us.

. At the hour of the Last Supper, He made the final effort of His love, and gave us Jesus in the Eucharist, which is His life and His death perpetuated, renewed incessantly in a love whose value It doubles at every instance.

It is, then, the Holy Spirit who loves me in Jesus! O Infinite Love!

It is the Holy Spirit who operates in my soul, as in that of Jesus, all the works that multiply therein the love of God.

My Baptism, my Confirmation, all the absolutions that I have received, all the Communion that I have made,—it is to Him that I owe them all.

My whole supernatural life comes from Him, depends on Him, is sustained by

Him, is animated by Him, for He is personally in me if I am in a state of grace, He dwells in me, He acts in me. He is the principle of everything supernatural in my soul. He is the cause of every good thought, the source of all my good desires, the priest of all my prayers, the sap of my whole life. He is so present, so active, and so necessary that, without Him, I can not say, "*Jesus*," that is, I can not perform the least supernatural work.

All the graces of my life—and it has been one tissue of graces—all its merits, all that I have been able to do and gain for eternal life, I owe to this Spirit of Love, who is my own spirit, my life, the breath of my soul and its supernatural respiration.

O faithful Spirit, devoted Spirit, Spirit of Love, Spirit so diffused abroad, so freely bestowed that one of the names proper to Thee is "*The Gift*," I bless Thee! I thank Thee for all the love with which Thou hast prevented me, with which Thou hast filled my life! May my fidelity henceforth be my thanksgiving!

III. REPARATION

SINS AGAINST THE HOLY GHOST

*Nolite, contristare Spiritum
Sanctum Dei.*

"Grieve not the Holy Spirit of
God." (EPHES. IV, 30.)

ET us repair the offences that most directly attack the Adorable Person of the Holy Spirit.

He is, in the first place, ignored. The ignorance of many Christians on the subject of the Holy Spirit, His nature, His life, His action, reaches a point at which outrage is mingled with ingratitude. Who prays to Him? Who has recourse to Him? Who knows His glorious prerogatives, His admirable action in Christ, in the world of grace, and even in his own soul?

The Holy Spirit is more intimately united to us than our own breath and we do not even suspect His presence! He acts, He conducts, He directs, He helps with the utmost devotedness at every instant! And yet who dreams of recognizing His beneficent action and of thanking Him for it? Ah, yes! "He is in the midst of us, and we know it not!" Is not this ignorance lamentably culpable?

The second offence against the Third Person of the Most Holy Trinity is resistance to His inspirations, to His conduct and action by tepidity and venial sin. Despite our lukewarm love and slothful desires, He continues to dwell in us and assist us, but we sadden Him, we contradict His action. He is a most zealous Friend, but we respond to His advances with coldness. He is a Master whose orders are never executed according to His desires. Under the roof of friendship, and in the most intimate relations, He endures a kind of perfidious treason and secret insult. This pure and brilliant Flame burns with difficulty in a dull and fetid atmosphere. This Almighty Spirit, whose activity is immense, who constantly urges on to love and to what is the most perfect, this divine and heavenly Spirit, who would wish to penetrate our thoughts, our motives, our actions with divine life and supernatural fire, receives from us only rebuffs and refusals, finds in us only earthly motives and natural actions, marked by egotism and sloth.

He possesses in us only a position of humiliation, an action subject to opposition, an authority constantly contradicted. Ah, He groans in such an abode!

But the great crime against the Holy

Spirit is mortal sin, and especially the mortal sin of those that have long lived of His life, whom He has most prevented with His love, who sin in the full light of His Presence, knowing well what they are doing, recognizing the evil and the roads that lead to it, and yet entering them through malice and ingratitude. It is cold-blooded sin which they commit who have been most loved. The Holy Spirit is opprobriously driven from their soul, His magnificent works are destroyed, His privileged gifts perverted and turned against Him. Oh, what ruin! What desolation and, for the Holy Ghost, what gross injury!

Every sinner, whoever he may be, every soul in the state of mortal sin, is a living injury, a living blasphemy against the Holy Spirit. Such a soul is a throne whence He has been driven, a sanctuary whence He has been expelled, a nuptial chamber profaned, an apostate, a traitor, an odious and obstinate rebel against this august Person, to whom he belongs by creation and Baptism.

Number up, if you can, all the souls in which the Holy Ghost has dwelt. He has adorned those souls, enriched, embellished, animated, and divinized them since their Baptism. Recall all this, and then under-

stand the outrage done the Holy Spirit, and the reparation of love and fidelity that He demands of you.

Offer Him the love, the fidelity, the perfect correspondence of the soul of Jesus in this Host that you adore. Offer Him the love and fidelity of Mary and the saints. Then making a return on self, examine yourself on these three great evils: ignorance with regard to the Holy Spirit, resistance to His action, and sin.

IV. PETITION

UNION WITH THE HOLY GHOST

Effundam super Jerusalem Spiritum gratiae et precum.

"I will pour out upon Jerusalem the Spirit of grace and of prayer." (ZACH. XII, 10.)

ET us pray in union with the Holy Spirit. He is in us the Spirit of prayer. He desires to pray in us, to inspire the subjects of our prayer, and to sustain us in its flight. St Paul tells us: *Spiritus adjuvat infirmitatem nostram: nam quid oramus, sicut oportet, nescimus; sed ipse Spiritus postulat pro nobis gemitibus inenarrabilibus*

(*Rom.* viii, 26.) "The Spirit helpeth our infirmity. For we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit himself asketh for us with unspeakable groanings." Is it astonishing that St. Paul adds that God hears and comprehends all the desires which the Holy Spirit forms in us, and answers them so faithfully that all things turn to the good of those that love God, and that they have in them the Holy Spirit who prays for them?

It was the Holy Ghost who prayed in David, who dictated to him those accents of his Psalms, at times so sublime and yet so humble, so joyous or so sad.

It was the Holy Spirit who prayed in Jesus from the moment of His Incarnation, who impelled Him to retire into the desert, or by night to the mountains to pray. It was He who prayed in Jesus in the garden and on the Cross, when He accompanied His prayer with tears and loud cries.

The Holy Spirit ardently desires to pray in us also, the members of Jesus. Let us carefully preserve the state of grace, the essential condition of His presence in our soul. Let us live recollected, hearkening to His voice in the sanctuary of our soul. He prays there incessantly with burning

desires, "with groanings," that is, He incessantly asks for our sanctification, our deliverance from sin, our definite transformation into God. Alas! His groanings come from the violence that our nature, our faults, our want of co-operation impose upon Him. Oh, adorable mystery of the prayer, of the groanings of the Holy Spirit in our soul! Oh, let us lend an ear!

Let us unite with the Holy Spirit in all our works of piety, in all our duties of religion, but above all, at the hour of Holy Communion. It was He who prepared Mary for the coming of the Word. He alone is worthy to receive Jesus in us. He alone is capable of entertaining Him, of rendering Him love for love. Let us during our thanksgiving remain closely united to that Holy Spirit. Let us offer to Jesus the infinite love of the Holy Spirit to supply for what is wanting in us.

Let us remember also that the Flesh of Jesus is given us only to communicate to us His Spirit. The fruit of Communion ought to be our Pentecost, an effusion of the Holy Spirit "who proceeds from Jesus." Let us then at this hour, blessed above all others, open our soul to the Holy Spirit. May He penetrate all its powers! May He visit, purify, refresh, and vivify all

in us, soul and body, thoughts and desires! Holy Communion is the hour of His action in our soul. The Eucharist is to insure Him to us, to communicate Him to us in all His plenitude. Oh, let this hour be that also of His perfect reign, His perfect triumph in us!



The Assumption of Mary

I. ADORATION

THE DEATH OF LOVE

Veni, dilecte mi, veni!
 "Come, O my Well-Beloved
 come!" (CANT. VII, II.)

ADORE Jesus present before you, coming to call His Mother to her reward after she shall have undergone the last humiliation, death.

Adore the designs of God in the death of Mary. Why should that innocent creature die? Why should the Mother of God fall under the decree issued against sinful man? God wills this death in order to publish aloud that He alone possesses inalienable life, life independent, living of it-

self, and that before Him all created life must die to prove that it is only a borrowed life. Adore then the life of God, His eternal and unchangeable life, full and perfect, independent and sovereign.

Adore it in union with Mary at her last hour. What submission, what acceptance, what acquiescence in the divine decree which demands the sacrifice of her life, and subjects her to the yoke of death! Not only does she accept it, but she longs for the hour, and she actually dies of her great desire to see dissolved the fetters that keep her far from her well-beloved Son. She dies not simply *in* love, as do all the just whom their last hour finds in the state of grace, but she dies *of* love. The violence of her love and her desire to behold her Jesus in His glory and power, consume the innocent victim and end her life. Mary dies of love, in an act of the most ardent love in which seems to have been condensed all the love of her whole life.

But before that moment of glorious reunion, behold the ineffably touching reunion of Viaticum. For twenty years Mary lived on daily Communion, which alone sustained the strength of her body as well as the courage of her heroic soul. And now for the last time, she sighs to receive her Well-

Beloved. She remembers that He Himself received Viaticum before His Passion, and she too desires to strengthen herself for her journey to eternity. Is it St. John? Is it St. Peter? Or rather is it not Jesus Himself who carries the last Communion to His Mother? Pious traditions authorize us to believe that it was Jesus. Oh, adore with Mary! Adore with her faith, her piety, her love, her ardor, her transports, her humility, her annihilation, her gratitude. Adore the sweetest, the most luminous, the most lovable, and the most loving Host of her Viaticum! It was of the same nature as that before which you prostrate. But what love, what sweetness, what delights, what joys, and what knowledge, what a foretaste of heaven did not Jesus will that that Host should give to His Mother! It was the immediate preparation for beatitude, for recompense, and for glory. It was heaven itself, as far as heaven can be given here below.

Under the force of this last stroke of love, Mary breathed out her life in thanksgiving, offering life for life, soul for soul to her Well-Beloved.

And her virginal body, exhaling the sweetest perfumes, was laid in the tomb.

But hardly had Mary paid this tributé to

the burial of her Son, before the angels reunited her body with her soul in the name of the Almighty. They gathered in joyous troops and the Thrones, forming with their strong arms a crown, like a triumphal car, for their august Queen, bore her up to heaven. Her Son came forth to meet and conduct her into the celestial Jerusalem, singing pæans of jubilee amid the acclamations of the angelic hosts.

In the midst of that glorious triumph, Mary adored God, praising His goodness and the wonders of His love. She offered Him her own impotence, her own absolute nothingness, her soul repeating : *Magnificat anima mea Dominum * * * quia respexit humilitatem ancillae suae.*

Honor Mary's triumph by acts of faith in her assumption in body and soul into heaven, and with her adore the God who resuscitated her in order to crown her.

II. THANKSGIVING

THE BLESSED MEETING

*Introduxit me Rex in cellaria
sua.*

"The King has brought me
into his wine cellars."

(CANT. II, 4.)



HANK, bless, and felicitate Jesus and Mary in this mystery. Jesus has His Mother with Him again. He puts an end to the long exile of her life. He changes her poverty into affluence, her obscurity into glory, her sufferings into beatitude. What the Father experienced on receiving His Son triumphant from the ignominy of Calvary, Jesus felt on beholding His Mother freed from the law of sorrow and humiliation. Ah! what embraces, what words of joy, what a pouring out of His Sacred Heart, what an overflowing communication of all His goods, of all His glory, of all His happiness!

And Mary? Ah! bless and thank with her for all the bliss she then received. She beholds her Son again! She embraces Him, she presses Him to her bosom, no longer through the veils of the Sacrament, no longer

in the obscurity of faith and the shadow of mystery, but in person, in all liberty, Her eyes look upon Him, her arms embrace Him, her lips kiss her Child, her Jesus of Bethlehem and of Nazareth! Her soul beholds Him, seizes upon Him, embraces Him, and tastes Him with far greater reality! And that dear Son is no longer subjected to weakness, indigence, and sufferings. He reigns, He is seated on the throne of His everlasting royalty! Oh, blissful inebriation of the Mother of Jesus, so deserved, so dearly bought, so long desired, I bless you, I rejoice in your abundance, your sweetness, your eternal duration!

Although our Mother leaves us, and we can not but be sad, yet it is for our advantage that she like her Son goes away from us. Mary's most holy, resigned death has merited for us treasures of confidence and resignation for the awful moment of our own death. It is to the merit of her death, as well as to that of Jesus, very truly, though in a less degree, that we must attribute all the graces of the Christian deathbed, which we call by the sweet name of a good death. This is true, because Mary never acted as one apart from us and for herself alone, but always as the universal Mother of all men, and for the interest of all her children.

When then she rose from the dead, when she entered heaven, it is our poor humanity that lives again and triumphs. We send her as an all-powerful ambassadress before us.

Lastly, her maternity, very far from ceasing, shines again in heaven; for it is in heaven that all the gifts of grace, all the supernatural missions of life are established in their perfect maturity and effect their greatest results. Mary will still be our Mother, but with love more tender, more patient, and more compassionate, with power greater and more indefatigable, with vigilance more extended and more clear-sighted. Yes, she is still more our Mother in heaven than upon earth, or at least, all the strength of her sweet maternity can be exercised without hindrance with the help of the best and most abundant means.

III. REPARATION

THE SALUTARY THOUGHT OF DEATH

Memorare novissima tua, et non peccabis.

"Remember thy last end, and thou shalt never sin."

(ECCLUS. VII, 40.)

THE holy, resigned, and loving death of Mary and her glorious assumption are an eloquent protest and an abundant reparation to God, above all in our times, when death itself is profaned by the blasphemies and the infernal practices of secret societies.

Offer Mary's death for all those rebellious, blasphemous, scandalous, and truly accursed deaths, which seem to approach so near to hell upon earth. Behold with terror those men who insult God and His ministers in the very hour in which their Creator is about calling them to His judgment-seat, in the very hour in which they are already in His hands. Is it not furious and insensate rage? To insult one's Judge, and appear before Him with a blasphemy upon one's lips!

Offer to Jesus the gentleness, the resigna-

tion, the love of Mary when accepting the decree of death, and making the sacrifice of her life.

Offer that death, prepared for by so pure a life, by so ardent a desire of heaven, by so unflagging an attention to the hour in which the Spouse would come, in reparation for the fault, the criminal imprudence of all those Christians that allow themselves to be surprised by death. Alas! it often overtakes them in the midst of pleasure, projects of ambition, dreams of aggrandizement. Neglecting, despising the admonitions of their conscience and of the Church, the warnings given them by the events going on around them, they treat lightly and with indifference their chief affair of dying.

Offer Mary's perfect dispositions at the moment of her last Communion to repair the fatal negligence of all those that do not prepare to receive Holy Viaticum. Offer them also to repair the still graver fault of relatives, physicians, and friends who, through natural affection, human respect, or a want of faith, do not procure it for the sick of whom they have the charge.

Then in presence of that exemplary death of Mary, that death which gave so much glory to God, examine your dispositions with regard to your own demise.

Is the thought of death sufficiently present to you to exercise over you its salutary influence? Does it produce the spirit of the fear of God, of zeal for salvation, horror of sin, and detachment from the things of earth?

Do you, on the contrary, shun the thought? Do you fear death on account of the separation that it imposes, the bonds that it sunders, the possessions of which it deprives?

Do you prepare for death? Are you ready to die, to respond at once to the voice of the Master if He should call you now? Do you keep your lamp, the lamp of faith, filled and lighted, your loins girded, your conscience pure? Do you await it with the sincere desire of love?

Alas! perhaps you despise the thought of death as too vulgar and, wishing to fly to the lofty summits of purest love, you leave to others this plain as unworthy of you. Take care! Rashness and presumption carry with them chastisement and ruin.

Examine yourself well, and see whether you are not in false security, deceitful assurance. It is above all in regard to death, that you must shun imprudence and be humble, dependent, and fearful.

Unite with all the holy dispositions of Mary dying.

Then recall the burial at which all the Apostles assisted with profound piety, the flowers found in her tomb instead of her pure body, her resurrection and Assumption. Repair the scandal of those interments from which the Church and the Cross of Jesus Christ are absent. Repair for the outrage done to God by His creatures, for the blasphemy against His justice, for all that mass of impiety, irreligion, and scandal.

Offer, protest, repair, and exert every effort to prevent those odious scenes.

IV. PETITION

MAY I DIE THE DEATH OF THE JUST

*Moriatur anima mea morte
iustorum!*

“ May I die the death of the
just ! ” (NUM. XXIII, 10.)

 T is good to pray while Mary is mounting heavenward. Let us confide to her all our desires, all our wants. May she pray, may she intercede for us at the throne of her Son, whom we adore here below on the throne of the Sacrament of Love!

In closing the meditation of this mystery,

let us ask her above all for the graces, the helps, the virtues which seem to be its principal fruit.

First, let us ask for the grace of preservation from a sudden and unprovided death. The God before whom we shall have to appear, is so holy! And we? We are so quickly soiled on the dusty road of this life and in the mire of this sad valley of tears! Who would not tremble at the thought that he shall have at that dread moment neither friend nor time, nor any help whatsoever to prepare for the awful passage? *A subitanea et improvisa morte, libera nos, Domine!* Secondly, let us ask for the grace of a good death. A good death is a death in the state of grace, in the love of God, preceded by a sincere confession, reparation of the scandals we may have given, and of the offences we may have committed against our neighbor. It is above all death preceded by Holy Viaticum.

Holy Viaticum, the reception of that Jesus who died to redeem us, who is our pardon and redemption, our confidence and strength! He comes to us in person to apply to us all the fruits of His Redemption, to give us all His help, to assist us in the final combat, and that we may make our last journey leaning on His arm, and holding

His hand. Yes, and even more than that, He carries us on His shoulders like the well-beloved sheep, long lost perhaps, but now found forever!

Oh, what strength, what security in the Holy Viaticum! Confession prepares for it by purifying the soul, and prayer accompanies it, communicating resignation, peace, and abandonment to the Divine Will.

The Holy Viaticum is in itself Jesus, the Christ Saviour, giving Himself for the sole end of sustaining the dying, of strengthening them, of combating for them, and of leading them securely through the gloomy portals of death. All the desires, all the virtues, all the love, all the power of Jesus, are centred on the dying. The whole price of His Flesh and Blood, His life and His death, His soul and His Divinity given to the dying, to aid them to die well—that is Holy Viaticum. Do we comprehend the importance of that help, the price of that grace?

The Holy Viaticum well received is heaven secured! Let us supplicate our sweet Mother by the Viaticum that she received, to obtain for us the same grace.

Let us ask her to accompany her Son to our dying pillow, to encourage us by her smile, that is, by exciting our confidence

in His goodness. Beg her to obtain for us the strength necessary for the last assault of Satan; but still better, let us beg her to resist the infernal monster herself. Oh, sweet death, protected, enlightened, and rendered easy by the presence of Mary! Oh, what comfort shall we find in pressing to our lips, already chilled by death, her familiar picture, in passing her chaplet through our stiffening fingers as death gains upon us! Her sweet name will still sound in our ear like a far-off voice from heaven even when, closed to the din of earth, it no longer hearkens to the consoling words of friends and relatives.

Let us pray for all the dying, for the ignorant, the rebellious. Mary can obtain sudden illumination for them, and the grace of conversion powerful enough to triumph over their obstinacy.

Lastly, let us pray that Mary may everywhere raise up apostles and soldiers for the Holy Viaticum. Let us beg her to make them understand that it is the most necessary charity, for it is so urgent — that it is the most meritorious and unselfish, for it demands a sacrifice — the dearest to the Hearts of Jesus and Mary, for it is that which places forever in their eternal embrace the dearly loved souls of their children.



The Coronation of Mary

I. ADORATION

MARY, QUEEN OF HEAVEN AND EARTH

Veni, amica mea, coronaberis.
 "Come, my well-beloved, thou
 shalt be crowned."
 (CANT. iv, 8.)

BEHOLD Jesus crowning His mother. Behold the lowly and silent Host of our tabernacles under the form of Jesus glorified, His countenance resplendent, surrounded by myriads of angels. Behold Him coming to meet His Mother on her entrance into heaven. He presents her to His Father, places her on a golden throne beside His own. Then taking a jeweled crown, He

sets it upon Mary's brow. The angels pay her homage, and all creatures proclaim her forever the Queen of heaven and earth.

Her coronation is the sign of a great mystery of glory and power for Mary. Mary crowned, means Mary invested with the mission and the power of universal mediatrix. It means Mary receiving the administration of all the treasures of grace, and sharing with her Son in the government of the world. It means Mary authorized by Him to exercise henceforth in the most proper and effectual manner her grand office of Mother toward all men.

Make an act of faith in this Catholic truth, the sovereign, all-powerful, and necessary mediation of Mary.

Make an act of faith in the immediate, universal, and continual co-operation of Mary in the government of the supernatural world.

Lovingly proclaim that, as God does nothing but by Jesus and with Jesus, so Jesus acts only through Mary and with Mary.

Believe this law of inseparable union between the Mother and the Son, founded upon the Incarnation itself. Since to become incarnate and to be born Jesus willed Mary's concurrence necessary, she remains inseparably united to Him in all His mysteries, in all His works.

United with Him in sorrow on Calvary to save the world, she is united with Him in glory to govern it, in the Eucharist to nourish it, and in souls to sanctify them.

She is constantly doing her work. She is constantly giving Him new members, constantly perfecting the body of His Church. She is always His Mother, the Mother of Christ glorified, the Mother of the Eucharistic Christ, the Mother of the mystical Christ, as she was the Mother of Christ Incarnate. Mary is part of the mystery of the Incarnation. Now, as the Incarnation is a gigantic and immortal tree which, springing from the bosom of Mary, grows, increases, and sends forth its branches in souls, in the Church, in the Eucharist, and in glory, Mary is always and inseparably united to all these extensions, to all these developments of the Incarnation. She is united with Him by a necessity founded on the divine will and plan of God. She is united with Him gloriously in order to act, co-operate, constantly to multiply the number of His children, and everywhere and in all things to be the Mother of Jesus.

Let us adore this divine plan in its sweetness, its harmony, its magnificence. It is unfolded in all its splendor, it is attested

in all its grandeur and truth in this mystery of the Coronation of Mary.

Let us then exalt Mary. Let us give her her true place in our veneration and love. As she is one with Jesus in the divine plan, let her be one with us in our devotion!

II. THANKSGIVING

QUEEN OF MERCY

Salve, Regina, Mater misericordiae!

"Hail, O Queen, Mother of Mercy!" (*Liturgical Anthem.*)



MARY'S diadem is one of goodness. She is crowned Queen, but it is Queen of Mercy.

Oh, let us bless God for having willed to take a Mother in the work of Redemption! A mother — that means whatever is sweetest and tenderest, most patient and loving, most devoted in the whole world. A mother — a being who lives only for her child, who finds all her happiness in devoting and sacrificing herself, who exposes herself to the loss of health, rest, and even life itself for her child. A mother — the ideal of love,

heroic in its strength, sublime in its sweetness and tenderness! A mother—one whose whole reason is love, whose whole being is *heart*, and who is incapable of aught but love!

Yes, Jesus willed to have such a Mother, and He willed also that she should be our Mother.

Mary loves us with a love the strongest and the best after the gracious love of Jesus.

She is drawn to love us, because we are her children, and she loves us all the more since we have cost her more than children ordinarily cost their mother. In exchange for us, she gave her own Son Jesus. For us, children of adoption, she gave the true Son of her own blood. For us, guilty and ungrateful, she gave her most holy, her most loving Son! And she gave Him at the price of the most cruel sorrows, a double martyrdom for Him and for herself! How, after all that, could she help loving to excess the children for whom she has already done so much?

So sweet, patient, condescending, and compassionate is Mary! No weakness daunts her, no ignorance wearies her, no ingratitude repels her. There is no sinner so hardened as not still to be her child; over

him she watches, for him she prays. Her diadem of goodness has so enlarged her heart that in it all men may dwell, all may make it their abode, their place of refuge. Mary's heart never wearies of the multitude of the unhappy and the unfortunate. It is so vigilant, so attentive, so sensitive, that the faintest sigh, the most stifled sob reaches it, and melts it into tenderness.

O Mary, I well know that you have a mother's heart! How often have I experienced it in my life! As I desire to bless you and prove to you my gratitude by my unwavering confidence, I shall never hesitate, I shall never cease to have recourse to you!

Thanks be to Thee, O Jesus, for having given me Mary for a Mother, and for having made her heart so like Thine own that, with the exception of Thy Adorable Heart, there is none so kind, none so compassionate!

III, REPARATION

MIRROR OF JUSTICE

In me gratia omnis viæ et veritatis, in me omnis spes vitæ et virtutis.

"In me is all the grace of the way and of the truth, in me is all hope of life and of virtue."

(ECCLUS. XXIV, 25).

IN this mystery Mary receives the crown of all virtues. With the exception of her Son, no one ever practised virtue so perfectly as she. She practised all virtues in a heroic degree toward God, her neighbor, and herself. She is the model of every virtue, the spotless mirror of all justice.

The priest, the religious, the mother, the youth, the maiden, each may find in her the finished model of his state. Those virtues that she was not called upon to practise, she possessed eminently and equivalently. She may truly exclaim: "In me is all grace of the way and of the truth.—*In me gratia omnis viæ et virtutis.*"

Mary is a model most attractive, most accessible, which facilitates the practice of

virtue and renders it most desirable. She is, as it were, the simple and elementary translation of the virtues of Jesus. She seems to change them into milk as does the mother to nourish her babe unable to take stronger food.

And still more, Mary's virtues, merits, and satisfactions are our treasure, our superabundant riches, so to speak, which we ought to appropriate to ourselves and offer to God, to supply for our own deficiency. Mary never labored, merited, and laid up riches for herself alone. A mother lives and works for her little ones. Every act of virtue, every sacrifice gained for Mary superabundant merits, of which she now disposes for us. We can and we ought to take from Mary as from Jesus some of her superabundance to supply our own great indigence. All that is hers belongs to us by right of our adoption.

Let us examine how we serve the Queen of Virtues. The service claimed by this title is imitation and resemblance. Do we honor our mother by our virtues? Do we study Mary's virtues, their motives, their qualities, their sacrifices? Do we clothe ourselves with the desire, the love, the imitation of her virtues and her dispositions? Jesus will regard us with pleasure when He

sees in us the reflex of His mother's virtues. Let us imitate! Let us appropriate!

Three virtues outshine all others in Mary's diadem: love, purity, and humility.

It was love the most pure, the most generous, the most devoted, that inspired all the thoughts and actions of our Mother.

Her purity, spotless from the moment of her Immaculate Conception, held her far removed from sin, from even the slightest breath of sin, and its brightness was increased from day to day by sacrifice and merit.

Mary enveloped herself, as it were, in her own humility in order to hide from her own eyes, as well as from those of the world, that God alone might reign in her. Humility was the atmosphere she breathed, which rendered all glory to God, and annihilated her in the midst of the greatest wonders.

Let us clothe ourselves with Mary's humility, love, and purity. Let us pay our debts from her abundance. Let us never present ourselves to Jesus unaccompanied by Mary, hiding our own miserable poverty under the mantle of her virtues.

IV. PETITION

VIRGIN MOST POWERFUL

Sub tuum præsidium.

"To thy protection, O holy Mother!" (*Liturgical Anthem.*)

LASTLY, it is the crown of power that the Blessed Virgin receives at the solemn hour of her exaltation. Her Son, by seating her on a throne at His right, gives her all power in heaven and on earth. It is a reproduction of the immense power that Jesus enjoys in His Humanity as Head of the Church. That Humanity having been exalted above every name and placed above all things to rule them, to guide and govern them with absolute power,—is it not proper that Mary, who was so united to It, that Mary who is the cause and the source of It, should share in Its almighty power?

Jesus, laying the crown of power on Mary's head, seemed to say to her: "Mother, My royal power and the sovereign disposal of all gifts of nature and of grace, I possess in this Humanity which I received from you. This Flesh which suffered, this Blood which was shed, this life which I gave

for the glory that I now enjoy, I have from you. If My victory over death has put Me in possession of all these goods, is it not just that I share with you, and that I give you the entire dispensation of the revenues, the magnificent fruits for which you furnished Me the capital? Take them, then, O My Mother! All is yours, since all proceeded from that human life which came to Me from you!"

And Mary receives all power and royalty over the angels of heaven, over all men down through the ages, and over the souls in purgatory to rule them; yes, and even over the demons themselves to subjugate them.

All helps, all graces of conversion, even of the most obstinate sinners, all the graces of holiness, Mary has the free disposition of, and she gives them to whom she wishes without ever exhausting her treasures.

She has power over nature to suspend its course, and over the body to cure, yes, even to raise to life. She has power over all the gifts of fortune and over all temporal goods, which she distributes according to her pleasure.

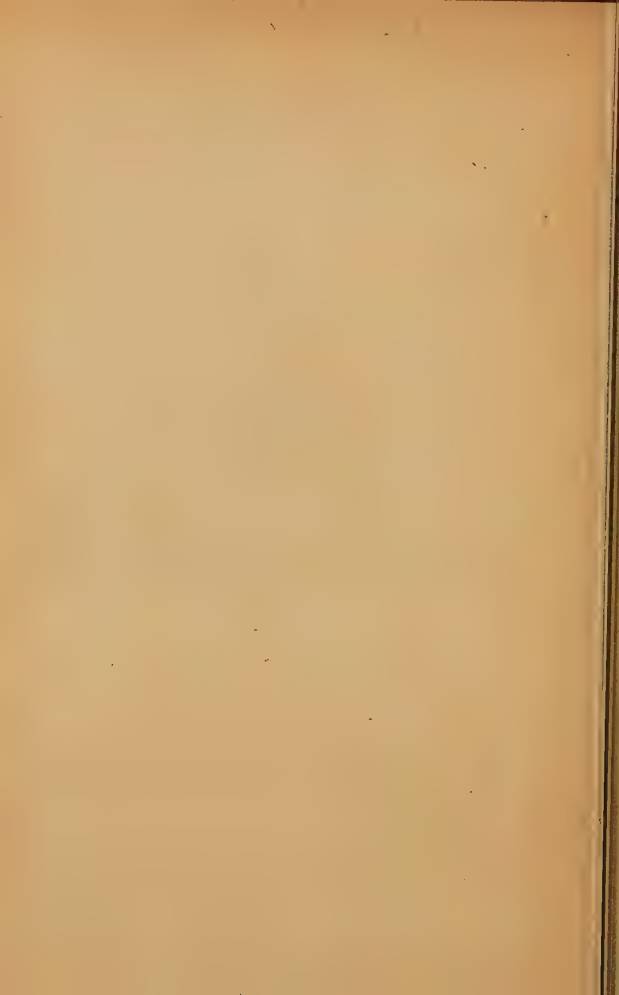
Mother of the whole Church, Mary has jurisdiction over all the graces that are necessary for it.

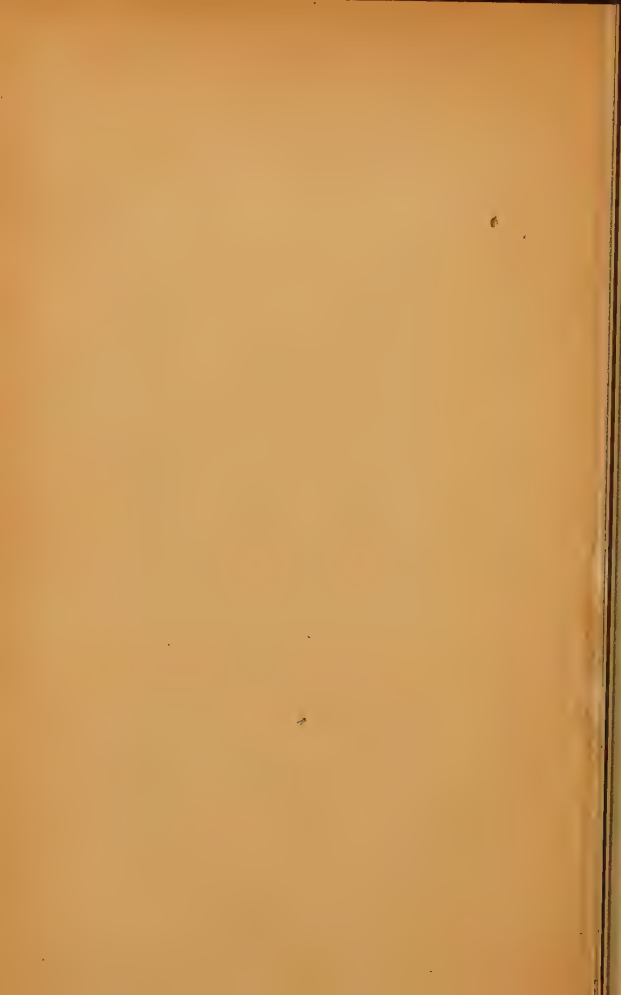
Mother of our soul, Mary has power over all the help that it needs.

Let us then go to her confidently if we wish to please Jesus, her Divine Son. Let us ask her often, ask her for much, ask her for everything. Let us ask boldly, again and again, and let us never leave off asking.

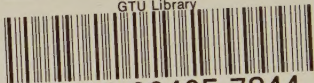
O Mary, for the glory of your Divine Son in the Sacrament of His love, we beg you above all to make Him known and loved. Raise up to Him apostles of fire, and throughout the whole world multitudes of adorers, that Jesus therein guiding and nourishing our souls, we may live of Him and with you in everlasting glory!

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